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Sunday, Aug. 14, 1938

Themes of the Operas by Andre

SO MUCH comment was aroused by the color pages of Andre last year that The American Weekly presents a few more upon the same subject by this distinguished American artist. This, the first, was suggested by Wagner's "Die Walkuere." Brunnhilde commanded the Valkyrie, the battle maidens who carried the souls of dead heroes to Valhalla. In shining armor they rode over mountains, repeating their weird battle-cry in many forms. The hero Siegmund, lost in the forest, wandered into the house of Hunding, and fell in love with his wife, Sieglinde. Hunding discovered their love and pursued them into the mountains. Wotan, influenced by his wife Fricka, sent the beautiful Brunnhilde to punish them, but she also loves Siegmund and tries to shield the lovers. For her disobedience Brunnhilde was put to sleep until a great hero should awaken her.

Cost The Town $2000 To Shut Off His Snoring

ALL the recent misfortunes of Fortune Martine, an office manager in Hyeres, France, spring from the fact that his snores sound like groans.

His home town, also, found this out to its sorrow, for the frugal villagers have been forced by a court order to dig into the community stocking and pay over $2,000 as the price for their ignorance.

Last fall, M. Martine was going over his accounts during a specially stifling day. The sun shone fiercely, and the business man fought off the sleepiness that spread over him, only to find himself dozing off again in a few minutes.

He wished himself in his cool house, stretched on his comfortable couch—but the job he had to do was important and could not be delayed. With a sigh he got up and opened the window to get more air, but closed the shutters so the sun would be kept out. He returned to his books. In a few minutes he was fast asleep, and snoring.

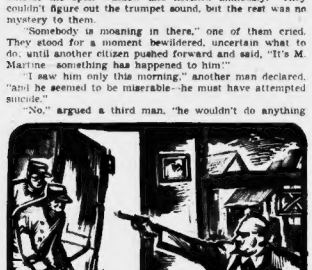
Now a snore, as everybody knows, is a very individual thing. Some whistle it, some wheeze, some rumble and snarl. But for some reason, probably having to do with the size of his soft palate or nasal passages, Martine snores in a fantastic way. It seems to be a compromise, from descriptions produced in court, between a trumpet call, a wail of somebody dying, and the grunt of a wrestler.

His stentorian snore, on this particular afternoon, could be heard on the street a flight below. A crowd gathered outside the open window and listened anxiously. They couldn't figure out the trumpet sound, but the rest was no mystery to them.

"Somebody is moaning in there," one of them cried. They stood for a moment bewildered, uncertain what to do, until another citizen pushed forward and said, "It's M. Martine something has happened to him!"

"I saw him only this morning," another man declared, "and he seemed to be miserable—he must have attempted suicide."

"No," argued a third man, "he wouldn't do anything



Half Unconscious, Monsieur Martine Awoke from His Nap, Stopped His Snoring and Pulled a Revolver from His Desk. When the Door to His Office Crashed In He Pointed the Weapon at the Uniformed Intruders.

of the sort—I know him well enough to be sure of that. Somebody has murdered him!"

"Well," returned the other citizen who was now thoroughly alarmed, "are we going to stand here and do nothing while our neighbor is dying?" Accordingly one of them ran for the police, for they were sure that armed and desperate men were inside. Practically half of the police force—three in number—arrived on the run and broke down the office door without bothering to try the knob.

M. Martine, meanwhile, was having a turbulent dream after a heavy lunch—he was being chased in his nightmare, or rather daymare, by monsters who wanted to destroy him, wet and tinkling creatures full of brilliant lights and horrid mouths.

Half unconscious, he started from his sleep and seized his desk revolver at the sound of the crashing door—he fired it point-blank at the "fiends," but luckily his aim was hampered by his confusion, and none of the bullets found a living target.

"Why, he's a raving lunatic," shouted the policemen, and threw themselves at the astonished merchant. He defended himself as best he could, and struck one of the policemen with the butt of his revolver, kicked a second, and knocked out a third with a hard right to the jaw. He was a strong man, and it was some minutes before he was overpowered at last. The office was a wreck.

M. Martine lay unconscious on the floor, blood oozed from wounds on his face and body, his right arm was broken. Before he could be taken to a lunatic asylum, he had to be rushed to a hospital.

The crowd in the street was able to murmur, "See, I told you so," to those who had remained skeptical to the last. For they were witnessing the scene they had been waiting for. Four men carried out the bleeding, unconscious M. Martine on a stretcher, and the three policemen came limping after him. Only no murderer was to be seen.

The man they had "saved" was confined to a hospital for three months. When he regained consciousness and realized the police had beaten him just because his snoring could be heard on the street, he became furious. The day he got out of the hospital, he went to his lawyer and filed a suit against the town of Hyeres for interfering so brutally with a respectable citizen's afternoon nap.

The judge saw it the same way. The policemen may have had charitable intentions, he said, but M. Martine could not be compelled to pay the doctor's bills out of his own pocket for taking his 40 winks in privacy. The town of Hyeres was responsible for its municipal police, therefore the town must pay over the costs for the trial, the doctor's bill, and the damages for all the victim had suffered. M. Martine didn't ask the wild amounts that are so often demanded in American lawsuits—in France, money is a serious matter, and when the injured man collected as much as he did—$2,000—it was a gloomy day for Hyeres.

Even M. Martine agreed it was hard on the taxpayers to have to pay that much for disturbing a man's sleep. But now everybody knows about his snore—and at least he can be fairly sure that it won't happen again.

Surly townspeople still say that if M. Martine hadn't kept his peculiar kind of snoring a secret, nobody would have been fooled by the bewildering noise they heard in his office that day. But the more tolerant insist that a man has every right to keep such a peculiarity to himself as long as possible.

A Man Who Knows Debunks The Strange Legend Of D'Annunzio

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO was an extraordinary mixture of eccentric genius and concealed humbug. Poet, playwright and novelist, he was at the same time a military leader of remarkable power and a lover whose success with women rivals that of Casanova.

Until his death a few months ago the true facts of his life were obscured by the malicious gossip and fantastic lies that usually spring up about such a man. But for 30 years his secretary, Tom Antongini, kept an intimate diary of his employer's life- his love affairs, his foibles, the perfumes he used, his extravagance in order to give an accurate picture of the poet-warrior. But even these true stories make the biography of D'Annunzio by Antongini, just published by Little, Brown and Company of Boston, read like a combination of the "Arabian Nights" and the amorous exploits of "Don Juan."

D'Annunzio's success with women is hard to believe from Antongini's description of him. He was certainly not the kind of Don Juan that Byron conceived. He was short, bald, one shoulder was higher than the other, his skin was wax white, and his mouth a bit toothless. His hands were so small and delicate that he winced under a hearty handshake.

But even these things that most men would consider a handicap D'Annunzio romanticized about. He was bald, he said, because a doctor had rubbed his head with a coal-tar ointment after he had been wounded in a duel, fought, of course, for the hand of a woman. He was proud of his head, and once wrote to a French lady, "Madame, future beauty will be bald!" Every once in a while a few wisps of hair would straggle out of his cranium and he always warned his barber to save them as souvenirs for the poets' sweethearts.

For a Time D'Annunzio Had the Whim of Dressing Like a Franciscan Monk. But He Did Not Live the Ascetic Life. He Had Many Women Friends and Usually Called Them by Florid Nicknames. One of His Favorites Was "Blessed" With 13 Such Names.

His nails were lined with white streaks and this he ascribed to the lies he told women in the course of his life. Antongini says that if this were well-founded the nails would probably be entirely white.

He ate formidable meals of course after course of succulent fowl, fish, meat, pastry and wine. But the sight of a fly hovering over one of the dishes would spoil his appetite for the day. He never smoked, but he tried every patent medicine in the market. He had a special weakness for those containing strychnine and iodine. Once, at Venice, he consumed so much strychnine that he showed symptoms of tetanus. Even this did not prevent him from using it.

He kept his home on the Lago di Garda stiflingly hot. This infernal heat, says Antongini, shortened the visits of unwelcome admirers.

In the midst of this almost unbearable heat D'Annunzio would wash and bathe himself several times each day, spraying himself with perfume from morning to night. He used a pint of the most expensive toilet water daily and a bottle of perfume would last him only a few days. He changed his shirts so frequently that his servants very often only refreshed them with an iron and placed them back with the dozens of others.

He always kept at least one hundred suits in his closets and his tailor, an admirer, never sent a bill. He seldom wore jewelry but he gave away gems worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. He wore one ring, a simple gold band which had belonged to Lord Byron.

He could never bear to discharge a servant and once left Italy for Paris in order to avoid such a scene. His other strategies to get out of doing something he didn't want to are just as far-fetched. To avoid a luncheon at the Italian Embassy in Paris he let it be known that before lunch he was going to fly to a yacht race. He then sent his secretary off to a remote village in France so that he could telegraph that D'Annunzio had been forced to land in this out-of-the-way place.

He was so delighted at his success that he often used this trick again. He once told his chauffeur to wire a prospective host, "Monsieur D'Annunzio is marooned in an observation balloon. It is still uncertain when he can be released."

In later years D'Annunzio never kept a promise: He would promise, says Antogini, to "visit cities, take part in ceremonies, witness marriages, write prefaces to books, preside over assemblies, captain idealistic enterprises, accept high appointments." Every promise was broken.

The poet, after his first literary successes, moved from one palatial home to the next, for a very good reason—he never paid his bills. But each residence was grander than the last and people went away impressed. When he was in love with Ida Rubenstein, the dancer, one visitor to his home wrote to a newspaper that the poet and his sweetheart received their guests in the nude, their "throne" banked with red roses.

Most of the stories about D'Annunzio were held to be true, merely because he never bothered to deny them.

For a time after the war the poet liked to dress in the habit of the Franciscan monks. He wore it because of the simple cut and because it allowed him freedom to move and work. Immediately the legend grew up that D'Annunzio had become an ascetic and that his villa had become a sort of monastery, with the servants also dressed as monks or nuns, carrying tapers.

But D'Annunzio never renounced women, although he would have liked to. He once wrote: "If only I could have banished women from my artistic life, I would have written—not 40 books—but 100." His rare voyages were made to gratify some woman's whim. He would write, "I am enfeebled by love, by pleasures of love and by the habit of leading a horizontal life," and this he endured until he died, at the age of 74. He had a mania for rechristening his loves with florid names. To one he gave 17 names, each of four or five syllables, and no wax agency when the girl forgot the sequence. Eleanora Duse was the first of a long line of "Amarantas" but Antongini says he knew at least six "Donatellas" and an even larger number of "Nidiolas."

D'Annunzio was vain only about his personal appearance and the way he appeared to women. He called himself "a bad poet" more than once and criticisms of his work never annoyed him. He had a tremendous capacity for work which he usually did after midnight. When ideas and words began to flow, his mouth would drool and he kept a stack of handkerchiefs on his desk to wipe away the saliva.

Many of the stories told about him came directly from the poet although they were not true. At a dinner he observed in a hesitating manner that the flesh of newborn babies much resembled lamb. The ladies were horrified and one, with tears in her eyes, asked him how he had become a cannibal. "In Africa," said D'Annunzio, with a drooping head, "a very long time ago."

Living Traps To Help Fight The Mosquito

ANYONE looking for a job as a champion mosquito swatter had better get a hustle on himself. There is a little plant called the bladderwort that may turn out to be pretty strong competition when it comes to getting rid of mosquitoes. It eats 'em alive.

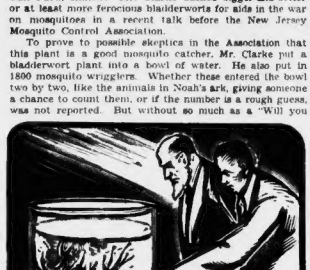
This ferocious bug-eating vegetable looks harmless enough and might be considered quite shy because it lives under the water where it isn't easily seen. Ponds and swamps are the plant's chief hide-out. But Mr. Bladderwort really is something of a gangster and lying low may be just a trick so he can be sure of always getting his bug.

Like a fierce tiger, instead of a friendly little plant, every bladderwort is a meat eater. It gobble, up any tiny creature that swims in the water and gets too close.

Baby mosquitoes, little worm-like creatures called wrigglers, live in water too. Mosquito mothers carelessly leave their babes in any old pond or dab of water and go about their blood-thirsty affairs. The bladderwort makes many a meal of these neglected offspring. This plant's apparent desire to live in the middle of the pond and be an enemy to some of man's peskiest pests may be as praiseworthy as that of the fellow who said "Let me live by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Calling on these "tigers of the ponds" to help settle the whole mosquito problem might not be such a bad idea, according to Mr. J. Lytell Clarke, sanitary engineer of Oak Park, Illinois. Mr. Clarke backed bigger-and-better or at least more ferocious bladderworts for aids in the war on mosquitoes in a recent talk before the New Jersey Mosquito Control Association.

To prove to possible skeptics in the Association that this plant is a good mosquito catcher, Mr. Clarke put a bladderwort plant into a bowl of water. He also put in 1800 mosquito wrigglers. Whether these entered the bowl two by two, like the animals in Noah's ark, giving someone a chance to count them, or if the number is a rough guess, was not reported. But without so much as a "Will you



The Scientist Put 1800 Mosquitoes in a Big Bowl with a Bladderwort Plant. The Vegetable-Killer Went to Work and Just About Cleaned Up the Pests. Only Three of the Wigglers Escaped the Bladderwort's Hungry Leaves.

walk into my parlor?" the plant started out to make a meal of the luckless insects. It is reported that only three escaped with their lives.

This bug-eating plant goes about its murderous job with dignity and dispatch. Everything is all set long before any victim is in sight.

Following the old rule that there is safety in numbers each plant has many little "mouse traps" for catching bugs. No danger of catching a mouse by mistake for each trap is only about as big as a grain of wheat.

The traps are attached to the plant's leaves and look like tiny empty sacks. Every sack has a trap door which, strange to say, is kept tight shut and latched as if to keep everything out. There even is a kind of weather stripping around the door to make the trap watertight.

This precaution is against Old Man River himself or his lesser representative in the pool where Mr. Bladderwort lives. If water should seep in, no bugs could be caught.

Sooner or later some tiny swimmer is sure to bump into four stiff bristles that stick out right in the middle of the door. After that he is a goner for those bristles are the latch. The extra pressure caused by the bump releases the hair-trigger latch and opens the door. Since the inside of the sack-like trap is a vacuum, opening the door lets water and bug in with a rush.

Mr. Bladderwort doesn't just wait until this stray swimmer comes along. Two sensitive feelers reach out from the sides of the tiny door and waylay victims. Any creature swimming aimlessly along is likely to bump into these feelers and, taking the line of least resistance, follow the feeler right up to the door.

Unlike a lot of people the bladderwort never seems to assume that anything is in the bag until it really is. So some stiff bristles stand like sentinels on either side of the door to give the insect victim a shove if he wavers a moment from the straight and narrow path to the fatal trap door and ultimate destruction.

One little bug is just an appetizer for the hungry plant. As soon as this is digested, the trap sets itself again. But first all the water must be emptied out. Although the trap is fixed so no water can get in unless the door is open, water can get out by soaking through the walls.

The lillies of the field have it all over the bladderwort plant for they toil not neither do they spin, while the little bug-eater works nearly 24 hours a day. With bugs to the right of it and bugs to the left of it this industrious plant keeps all its traps working—it has to.

It eats bugs to get nitrogen, the same as most persons eat vegetables to get vitamins. Other plants get this necessary part of their diet out of the soil by means of their roots. The bladderwort has no roots, and soil at the bottom of the pond is too far away to do much good.

So far, bladderworts working full steam at their bug catching haven't been able to back the art of mosquito swatting off the map. It seems to be up to Mr. Clarke or some other scientist to develop bladderworts with even bigger appetites, or bug-eaters that will eat nothing but mosquitoes, letting the lesser evils of bugdom strictly alone.

When this is done a bladderwort-conscious nation might go in for pools of these ferocious mosquito trappers like lily ponds in every garden. "Have you a little bladderwort in your home?" might become a national slogan. Even more helpful in the cause of a good old summertime minus mosquitoes probably would be huge fields of the special "skeeter-eaters" planted in every swamp and pond.

Sold His Right To Be A Father---For Cash

"THE land is my child—the only one I shall ever have." Thus did Sandor Peter, a landowner of Debrecen, Hungary, sum up in court recently why he underwent two operations of his own free will so that he would never have any offspring.

Young, normal, in the prime of health and strength, and a newly married husband in the bargain, he had yet insisted on having himself sterilized, for a curious reason. He did it to get the legacy left him by his uncle, even though the will said nothing about such a sacrifice.

All his life Peter has loved the land. The farm on which he lived was both small and unfertile. But the struggle to improve it only added to his affection for the land, and he took a fierce pride in growing his scanty crops. He used to day-dream, if only he had more and better land, how happy he would be then.

And then his uncle died and Peter's wish came true. The will left him 500 rich acres; and to make his happiness complete, his girl after years of courtship consented to marriage. Snags delayed the carrying out of the will, but the joyous couple decided not to postpone their wedding another minute. In the meantime, after the ceremony, they made plans for repairing the house, for buying farm equipment, and for hiring farm hands to till the soil. There was no money with the estate, and in order to make the place pay they would have to raise some cash by arranging a mortgage.

Unfortunately, two weeks after their marriage, a later will was found which said the estate should go to Peter, but after his death to his children born before 1952. The estate was not to be sold or mortgaged in any way because it was in trust for his heirs. What was Peter to do? To keep the land from going for taxes, and to use it as he wanted to, he needed cash, and now it seemed he wasn't allowed to raise any. He could hardly contest the will as it was made in his favor.

Unless—wait a minute—unless he could prove he would never have any children. Then he would be absolute owner and wouldn't have to worry about what the lawyers call "residuary legatees." Peter began to spend sleepless nights. Did his first duty lie with his wife, to provide her with children, or with his farm, to keep it going? Peter chose the source of his hopes, his dreams and his ambitions—the farm. What good would the estate be to his children if meanwhile he had to lose it long before they grew up, for non-payment of taxes?

The unhappy man went to a hospital and had himself sterilized. Then, armed with a medical certificate, he appealed to the authorities to strike out the clause in the will that gave the land to his heirs.

But the Guardianship Court, in the interests of Peter's possible children, protested his action, arguing the operation might fail in its effect.

As the trial it turned out that medical science was not at all certain about the complete efficiency of the operation. Learned men wagged their heads and stroked their beards but were unable to come to any agreement. The judge decided that under the circumstances it was not safe to annul the clause to which Peter objected.

As for Peter's wife, she was so shocked at what he had done that she left him and went back to live with her parents. After her husband lost his case there was a reconciliation. Perhaps she believed the verdict and hoped they might still have children. Her husband, however, could not bear the thought of those acres going to waste. His fantastic love for the soil finally goaded him into effecting a second and more severe operation.

Again he went to court, and again his wife left him—but this time, she swears, for good. The court, mindful of the marvels of modern science, reserved decision.

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How Long Will Cecily's Slippers Stay Outside the Harem Door?

Pretty Miss Hill Will Marry the Sultan of Johore, Wear a Crown and $5,000,000 in Jewels, but His Highness Can Divorce Her With One Word —She Musn't Pout if He Takes New Wives, and There Are Other Disadvantages

© European
His Highness, the Sultan of Johore, and the Scotch Wife Whom He Divorced by Crying "Talak," After They Had Lived Happily Together for Eight Years.

SINGAPORE.

THAT $5,000 solitaire diamond on the engagement finger of blonde Lydia Cecily Hill, is a mere glittering crumb from the five million dollar feast of jewels which will be hers to wear when she marries His Highness Sultan Ibrahim of Johore and becomes the Sultana of his 20,000 square-mile Principality on the Malayan Peninsula.

The advantages of this match for a 24-year-old cabaret dancer, daughter of a retired British petty naval officer, would be incredibly dazzling if it were not for certain alarming possibilities which at any moment can turn the lovely dream into a nightmare.

While it lasts the dream will be full of gorgeous substance. Besides the other jewelry, Cecily's pretty head will wear a crown, for hers will be no empty title. As the wife of the Sultan of Johore, she will be an actual reigning Sultana, with 200,000 subjects who must throw themselves on their faces before her and bump their foreheads on the floor, unless she graciously commands them to omit that ceremony.

She cannot wear all her husband's jewelry collection at once, though most of the jewels have been sewn thickly on a sort of cloth of gold in order that the Sultana may cover her dress with them. Even with rope after rope of pearls hanging from her neck, her fingers encrusted with rings, her arms from wrists to elbows with bracelets, her legs with anklets, more gems glittering on her slippers and dripping from her ears, still there is not space enough on any one woman to hang them all at one time.

Another pleasing embarrassment for the new Sultana will be more servants than she will ever be able to get acquainted with or even know their names. She probably can have most anything in the way of Paris gowns or whatever else money can buy. Paris still fondly calls Ibrahim "the Sultan of Pants" because one memorable day in 1851 he ordered 200 pairs of trousers (and paid for them). He believes in dressing a Sultana on an equally lavish scale.

Cecily's future husband stands six feet, six inches tall in his thin-soled slippers, looks and is every inch a Sultan. Sultan Ibrahim is a veteran tiger hunter, and one of the very few who hunts them on foot instead of from the back of an elephant or one of those safety-first shooting boxes so high up a tree that a wounded tiger can't get at the hunter. When Cecily travels, not only mayors and governors but even kings and queens must treat her as royalty, and she will be the mistress of a gorgeous palace of her own.

But there are several large-sized serpents in this Oriental Garden of Eden which well might make a European or American girl prefer to marry a commoner or even earn her own living.

For one thing, though the Sultan is a he-man he is a rather elderly one, being 64, just 40 years his fiancee's senior, and he is a Malay, though a fairly light-skinned one. The most ominous point is that his bride must become a Mohammedan and marry him subject to the Moslem laws of marriage. The Sultan has no choice in this matter because it is bad enough affront to his subjects by again choosing a white woman and a foreigner. If she did not at least become a "true believer" it doubtless would cost the Sultan his throne.

A Mohammedan marriage lets a bride in for a Mohammedan divorce which, from the wife's point of view, is painfully simple, and as quick or long-drawn-out as the husband cares to make it. The first time she displeases Sultan Ibrahim, he can utter the dreaded word:

"Talak!" (Get out!)

If he repeats it three times then and there before witnesses, it is all over. She is a divorced woman, with no more rights than a stranger in her husband's home, family or property. He can order the servants to set her out on the sidewalk where she hasn't even a legal right to the clothes that happen to be on her back, nor carfare home to mother. As for the $5,000,000 in jewels, like the crown and everything else, she is stripped of them as instantaneously as if touched by a fairy's magic wand. However, if a wife has brought any dowry to her husband he must repay it when he puts her out.

If very angry he usually shouts it a fourth time for good measure, so nobody will say later that they are not sure he let go the required salvo of three. But if there are still some doubts and lingering affection in his mind, he utters just one "Talak" at her.

This is a sort of interlocutory decree of divorce and unless he barks it twice more at her, the divorce will not become effective for three months. During that interval, he can at any time effect a reconciliation and the impending divorce is off. This sort of suspended sentence of divorce is said to be quite common in some of the best Mohammedan circles. When the wife hears herself ordered to get out but hears it only once, she bows and departs, remarking:

"To hear is to obey."

However, she goes not out of the house, merely out of his presence, to her room or suite in the harem where she is careful to place her slippers outside the door. When a lady of the harem, from a Sultana or favorite wife down to the humblest concubine puts her slippers out, it does not mean that she wants them polished. It is an ancient gesture which in modern English and American slang would be translated:

"Come up and see me, sometime."

When the Lord and Master walks through the halls of his harem, fully intending to visit one of its inmates, he will never do so unless he sees her invitation slippers outside the door, for he too is bound to honor the custom. Of course, if he doesn't see the slippers within a reasonable time, she is going to hear "Talak" spoken three times.

Cecily's predecessor is the former Miss Helen Bartholomew, a Scotch typist, who originally married the English doctor who became court physician at Johore. Helen eventually promoted herself from her husband's attentions to those of his exalted patient. She was divorced from the Sultan last March with only one "Talak." The Sultan escorted his Sultana from the palace to the steamer at his capital, Plassir Plangie, kissed her farewell and spoke the magic word just once.

He said it with a smile, but in the presence of witnesses so, three months later, in England, she looked at the calendar and knew she was plain Mrs. Dr. Wilson again. This was a very friendly divorce after eight years of married life and with it went a lump sum of $350,000 together with an annuity of $25,000 a year, of which the Sultan need not have given a penny.

It is just his open-handed, princely way of doing things from trousers to alimony. He even chipped in $2,000,000 to help the British build their newly-finished naval base at Singapore, on land that used to be part of his Principality.

Cecily is aware that among the other less important inmates of her future husband's harem are four sub-Sultanas, in rank only one step below what will be her own.

The new Sultana will not be jealous of the four because she knows that the Sultan lost whatever interest he may have had in them so long ago that it is many years since the youngest of them gave up putting her slippers out. Legally Ibrahim could line up the discontented four, shout, "Talak" at them three times and see them get out of the palace as fast as four cats at whom he had yelled, "Scat!" This, however, would be dangerous politics because they are the daughters of the four most powerful chiefs in the State. He did not marry them for love and now he does not dare divorce them for lack of it.

When the Sultan married his doctor's divorced wife those four ladies resented it with the cold, baleful hatred of the East and showed it by murderous looks at the bride. But it wasn't the poison in their eyes that was important but in the food. His Highness' secret service reported to him that the sub-Sultanas were planning to tamper with the meals of the newcomer, who, like Cecily, is a vivid blonde. In the Orient, poison is an old game for which Sultan Ibrahim knew the answer.

At each meal he had them bring in one of his four grumpy sub-queens and forced her to eat heartily of every dish before anyone else tasted it. This little precaution prevented the need of calling Dr. Wilson to prescribe antidotes for his divorced and glorified wife.

It is said that all the time Helen was married to Dr. Wilson, the Sultan was punctiliously careful never to make any direct love speech, invite her to divorce the doctor or actually promise to marry her when free. His method was to keep constantly showing her the $5,000,000 worth of jewelry and ask how she thought she would look in them. What woman could resist such a thought? At least this one couldn't.

And none can deny that she graced that difficult and dangerous job remarkably well for eight long years before getting the talak. The Sultan himself evidently realized this as proved by his entirely voluntary pay-off. Sultans do not talk much about their matrimonial affairs but the causes of the final rift seem to have been natural ones. Eight years is a long time for any woman to hold Ibrahim's interest. Sultana Helen is 44 and His Highness likes them young, but his only spoken criticism is that "of late years she talked too much."

It may not sharpen Cecily's appetite to have one of her husband's other wives forced to eat first as insurance that nothing has been added to the dish that was not called for in the original recipe. Even if the fear of poison has subsided, the new Sultana, young and lovely though she is, may feel the pangs of jealousy over some of the other odalisques. Yet he has the right to visit any of them and it would be the worst of bad manners should she ask questions or pout, even when he adds some new ones.

Yet there are certain restrictions on the Sultan's collecting of women. Some time ago, leaving the Sultana Helen at home, Ibrahim made a long cruise on his luxurious yacht, collecting various treasures, curios and works of art, including a couple of pretty and very young, blonde typists, something he always finds hard to resist. There was no intimation of kidnaping. The girls came voluntarily, as no doubt they would have done with most any American or European millionaire who offered adventure. But he happened to have picked them up in Australia, which resented the idea of a Malay running off with two of its girls and clamored hustily.

The ache ran up the globe on a cable nerve to Downing Street in London which sent out a response on another cable. As the yacht entered the Straits of Singapore, a British gunboat signalled it to stop, boarded it and unceremoniously removed the two pretty typists.

"Your Highness must not carry off young girls," explained the commander of the warship, "or you will lose your throne and perhaps your liberty."

"Tida Apa" ("I should worry") was all the Ruler said. When his tearful departing guests asked him what was the trouble he placidly replied in one word:

"Kismet."

When or any women who play around with Mohammedans are likely to get Kismet for an explanation, most any time. All four of the sub-Sultanas were in turn Chief Sultanas like Mrs Wilson, and as Cecily will be His first native one had the good fortune to present him with his first son, Prince Ismail Tunku Mahkota, now 47 years old and heir-apparent to the throne. Among many other sons and daughters, a boy born of one of the inferior wives is his favorite, nicknamed "Boo." He has been brought up with his father's love of hunting and other vigorous sports.

The boy entered a horse race on his father's private track one day and lost badly. Seeing his six-foot-six parent striding up with wrathful countenance, Boo hastily explained that it was Kismet. Apparently that grand old alibi sometimes does not work and this was one of those times. The Sultan pulled his son from the saddle, boxed his ears and said:

"See that you win the next one."

And Boo did.

The Sultan's Temporarily Favorite Portrait of Cecily, His Fiancee, Who, When She Moves Into Her Own Palace, Will Wear Oriental Robes, a Real Crown Over Her Coiffure, and Jewels Worth $5,000,000.

Like the Other Wives in the Sultan's Harem, Cecily, Shown Removing One of Them, Will Leave Both Her Slippers Outside Her Door Every Night as a Standing Invitation to the Sultan to Visit Her—or, if She Has Had the Dreadful Word "Talak" Shouted at Her Only Once, the Slippers, if Left in the Corridor, Will Indicate That She Is Eager for a Reconciliation. On the Other Hand, if the Slippers Aren't Visible Often Enough the Sultan May Become Peeved and Call the Marriage Off by Shouting "Talak" Three Times.

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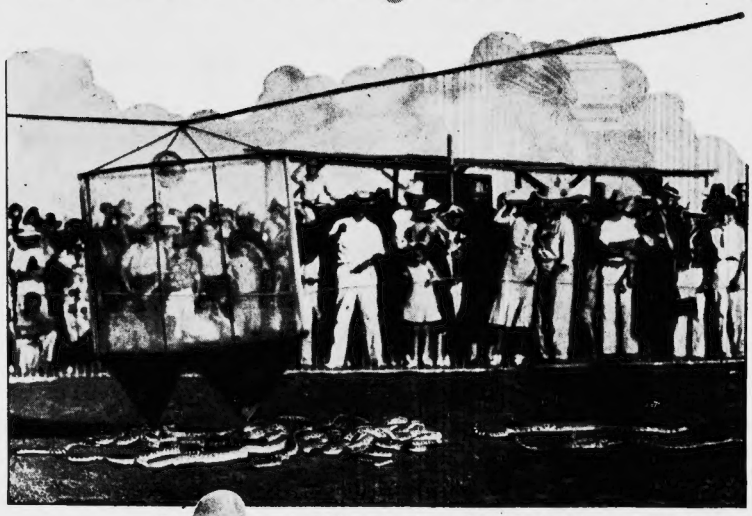
The Most Exciting Race in the World



The Start of the Thrilling Third Annual Rattlesnake Derby At Carlsbad, New Mexico. The Reptiles Are Pulled Out Over the Arena in a Big Mesh Cage. When the Cage Is Opened the Snakes Fall Out in a Squirming Heap, and the Contest Is On.

—And Right—

A Barrel of Rattlers Brought in From the Desert to "Run" in One of the Strangest Sporting Events Staged Anywhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Mervin V. (Snaky) Campbell, Originators of the Rattlesnake Derby, With a Few of the Dangerous Contestants They Rounded Up for the Event.

THE news has been buzzed about that New Mexico's great Rattlesnake Derby, held in Carlsbad recently, was bigger and better than ever this year. Three times as many women spectators screamed, and twice as many strong men turned pale as at any previous running of the derby, and it was even reported that a couple of spectators passed right out when the rattlers—250 of them—were released. These were tourists, of course, from the effete East, not strong, silent sons and daughters of the West, who are more or less familiar with rattlers.

Whether all this buzzing about the derby came from the snakes, or from a press agent or two, the citizens of Carlsbad still claim that the snake race is the most exciting sport held anywhere and maybe they are right. The race is exciting even long before it starts, because somebody has to catch the rattlesnakes.

Mr. Mervin V. Campbell, who originated the derby and has since been nicknamed Snaky, does most of the catching of the entrants. In spite of the fact that it thrives in the warm desert country, the rattler likes shade, so Mr. Campbell hunts around for nice cool rock piles, canyons, and so on, snagging the full-grown snakes and taking them to his "Derby Farm" on a mesa a few miles from town.

Then, when all 250 snakes have been rounded up, and the great race day is at hand, crowds, attending the yearly Carlsbad festival, of which the Rattlesnake Derby is an added attraction, throng to the track. This track is a large ring, surrounded by a row of small pickets driven into the ground. In back of this row of pickets is a wire netting fence, to prevent casualties, and in back of this fence—well back of it when the race gets really under way, are the spectators.

A large screen basket containing the sleek rattlers, which haven't been fed for a few days so they will not be sluggish, is hauled into the center of the track by some attendants who don't seem overly pleased at the job, and scramble out of the ring just as soon as the cage is in the center.

A gun is fired. The bottom falls out of the basket and the snakes slide to the ground, their rattles buzzing savagely.

And that is about all that happens for a while. There may be a scream or two in the crowd from some squeamish onlooker. But the rattlers pay little attention to it all. They just wriggle, and slither, and slide around until they are all in a pile, each one trying to get to the bottom, and to shade. But of course all of them can't get on the bottom of the heap, so pretty soon the pile begins to separate.

The winner of the race is the first snake that glides from the center of the ring where he was dumped, through the tiny pickets at the outside of the ring. Discovering there is no shade in the arena, the snakes begin to look around for a prospective bush, or rock. Gradually they move toward the outside of the ring.

Suddenly some diamond-backed racer will spurt forward with a mighty burst of speed—at the rate of four miles an hour or so—women in the immediate direction the snake is headed, scream and fall back—they always forget that the snake can't get through the netting, and then the snake, maybe just a wiggle from victory, will stop, buzz his tail a bit, look over the humans who are looking him over, and go to sleep. Or maybe he'll turn in the opposite direction, and do a dash for life clear across the ring, only to stop again, just a slither away from the finish line.

Meanwhile judges stationed at various sides of the ring are watching that circular finish line, ready to acclaim the winner, and the excited crowd is shouting out bets on the favorites. They take this betting seriously, some of them. This year, just two days before the race, some sure-thing gambler swiped the outstanding favorite, the fastest snake in the training stables.

Finally one, or maybe a dozen rattlers at the same time decide to seek a way out of the hot sunlight, through the ring of humans surrounding them, and then the race is really on, and it takes a quick-eyed, leather-lunged judge to spot and call out the winning snake.

Of course, Carlsbad is a rugged, old-time Western town where such bad men as Black Jack Ketcham, and other swashbucklers hung out, and rattlesnakes have been native to the section long before the white man, but even the residents of Carlsbad get a kick out of the snake derby.

Crowned Queen of the Clam Diggers

THERE have been orange queens, spinach queens, peanut queens, goat queens, and even skunk queens, but Clatsop Beach, Oregon, thought up a new one in the way of queens recently when it elected pretty Margaret Breyman Queen of Clams, at a clam-digger festival.

It seems that clams are pretty important to Clatsop Beach, where hundreds of tons of razor clams—so called because their edges are razor-sharp—are dug each year and sold to whoever it is that buys razor clams. That makes clam-digging quite a local industry, and the diggers decided this year that they ought to pay some sort of homage to the lowly clam, so they held a festival.

Of course no such fete is complete without a queen somewhere in the offing, so the clam-diggers dug around and found Miss Breyman who was chosen for the honor.

Then a couple of enthusiastic clam-diggers who were home craftsmen in their spare time built the monster replica of the razor clam which Miss Breyman holds in the picture at the right, and amid appropriate ceremonies, Margaret, with her queer "Seashell," was named Queen of the Clams, while a flock of little clams hidden somewhere under the sand probably wondered what all the shouting was about.

Whether the coronation will become an annual affair, with a new Clam Queen elected each year to rule over her crustacean subjects, depends on how these same little clams, still hidden under the sand, grow and multiply.

Miss Margaret Breyman, the Newly Elected Queen of Clam-Diggers. She Was Chosen by the Men Who Unearth Tons of Razor Clams From Oregon's Clatsop Beaches Every Year. The Giant "Scepter" She Is Holding Is a Man-Made Version of a Razor Clam.

Are Lucky Card Players Honest "Cheaters"?

YOU may be the most honest person in the world, but if you are consistently lucky at cards, you may be a cheater.

At least that is the belief of Dr. J. B. Rhine, Mr. Burk M. Smith and Mr. J. L. Woodruff, who have been experimenting on so-called games of chance at Duke University.

Of course, Dr. Rhine and his assistants don't claim that you consciously cheat—but maybe you are one of those rare people who have the thing they call extra sensory perception. Most people used to call it mental telepathy.

Dr. Rhine has been conducting tests for years, with decks of cards that have special markings—circles, squares, triangles and so on, instead of aces or deuces—in an effort to find out how many people can guess more cards, dealt to them face down, and call them right, than the law of averages would permit. Hundreds of thousands of tests along this line have been made, and they seem to prove that there are some individuals who time and again call off more cards correctly than the average person can.

Recently Dr. Rhine and his associates tried the same idea, using two regular decks of playing cards. One is shuffled and then a list of the order of the cards in that shuffle is made. The person being tested then takes another deck, shuffles the cards face downward, and attempts, by use of extra sensory perception, to come as close as possible to shuffling the cards in the same order, without peeking.

No one proved able to match the two decks exactly. But it has been found that there are people who consistently arrive at higher percentages of correctness. Those players who can beat the law of averages seem to have some mysterious sense which places them at a definite advantage over the ordinary person.

Works After His Funeral

UNCLE FELIX BREAZEALE, near Kingston, Tennessee, was back at his old job of following a mule around his fields with a plow, just 24 hours after his funeral, and well satisfied with the whole thing.

Uncle Felix, who is 75, had been contemplating death recently. He figured he wouldn't live forever, but also it seemed to him that it was an awful waste of time to hold a funeral when the main guest, the corpse, couldn't enjoy it. So he announced he was going to have his funeral while he could still get a kick out of it. Besides, he wanted to hear what people said about him.

The idea was such a success that more than 8,000 people attended the strange funeral. "It was the swellest burying I ever saw," said the old man, and most of the "mourners" agreed with him.

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Weighing the Universe Like a Ton of Coal

Beyond Our Own Universe—But Measured and Weighed by Man on His Puny Planet. Left to Right the "Pin Wheel" Nebula, So Far Away It Takes 1,000,000 Years for Its Light to Reach Us, the Stupendous "Star Cluster" in the Constellation Hercules, the "Ring" Nebula in Lyra and the Strange "Egg" Universe in Andromeda.

Maybe Less Than An Ounce of Man's Thinking Gray Matter Finds All Material Creation, Seen and Unseen, Would Tip the Scales at 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Tons

NOTHING invented by the mind of man has turned out to be so impudently ambitious as his system of weights and measures, which with the aid of the prying finger of mathematics neither the vast, the tiny nor the distant can escape.

In ancient times when a native of India succeeded in weighing an elephant, everyone thought that the height of human ingenuity had been reached. But in 1774, two years before the American Declaration of Independence, when Neville Maskelyne, a British astronomer, announced that he had weighed the earth, that was too much for most people. The man must be crazy. It stood to reason that only the Creator himself, or maybe one of the archangels, would be big enough to weigh our world.

This impudent scientific person had merely swung a special clock pendulum beside a Scottish mountain, noted its behavior, done some arithmetic and announced the result. While cynics were still scoffing, other astronomers reached out the arm of mathematics to the moon, weighed it and then the sun and all the planets, adding it all up, together with the weight of the earth they had the weight of the entire solar system.

Beyond the solar system, things are so distant that the nearest bright star remains only a point of light, even when viewed through the most powerful telescope, there is no size or shape to any of the stars, as there are to the sun and planets because of their closeness. Science then began reaching for the various constellations, nebulae and galaxies such as our own galaxy shown by the Milky Way, with the general idea of weighing the entire universe.

After a while that prodigious arm of mathematics seemed to have overreached itself, extending so far into interstellar space that the astronomers who were directing it could not see the other end. Even with the aid of the best modern telescopes, backed up by the unwinking eye of the camera, they had gotten beyond the range of vision and could not see anything at all, not even blazing hot suns far bigger and brighter than our own.

Would any scientist attempt to fathom anything so unfathomable as that?

They most certainly would. Two distinguished scientists, Sir Arthur Eddington of England, and Professor Arthur Haas, now of the University of Notre Dame, in America, have reported two different methods by which the entire universe, both seen and unseen, all creation, can be weighed with the same exactness as a ton of coal. Though the methods are different, they are on the same principles and each agrees that the other's will work.

Some weeks ago Professor Haas extended his calculations to include the laws of gravitation, the age of the universe, the weights of the atomic particles such as protons and electrons, and even the average weight of a fixed star. Still more recently, Professor Erwin Schroedinger of the University of Graz, in Austria, has calculated just how far each proton and neutron of the universe would be apart, if all of them were set free from their atoms and turned loose in space like a cloud of birds or bees.

For all these calculations the scientists have had to crank up Einstein's ponderous mathematical engine, the theory of relativity. Just how these relativity calculations work is a matter not always entirely clear even to professional mathematicians, but most of the scientists who think they know what it is all about seem to agree about the results.

Dr. Maskelyne's weight for the earth, as corrected by later and more accurate observations, amounts to a mere trifle of about 6,000 billion billion tons. To express in tons the weight of the universe, as computed by Professor Haas, requires a figure 1 followed by 51 zeros. This is it

1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000

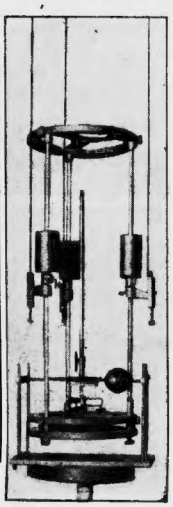
To express the number of atoms, electrons and other particles of matter in the universe, Sir Arthur Eddington reported that he would need a figure 6 followed by 79 zeros, a number which would stretch, printed in ordinary type, more than a third-way across this page.

To express the size of the universe in ordinary units such as miles, would need only 22 figures, but even this 30,000 or so billion billion miles is a reasonably substantial distance.

Except for very close-up work such as distances within the solar system, the astronomer can't waste time with earthly systems of measurements. A mile is well enough to express distance on this puny planet, where the motor of he goes a mile in a whole minute is likely to attract the unwelcome interest of a policeman. But the mile is only a toy yardstick for space between the stars. Here the astronomer uses the light-year, the distance light travels in one year, which is approximately six billion miles. There may be some very dim stars or some dark invisible ones nearer, but the closest bright star is four and three-tenths light years away.

When the ancient worthies who wrote the Bible and other books of that time wanted to indicate that men in the enemy's army or units of some other kind were so numerous that they could not be counted, the usual simile was to compare them with the hairs of one's head or the grains of sand on the seashore.

The Ancient Greek Mathematician, Archimedes, Who Said If He Had a Lever Long Enough He Could Move the World, Was Killed by Roman Soldiers at the Fall of Syracuse 212 B. C. From the Painting by E. Vimont.



Here Is the Delicate Mechanism No Larger Than a Sewing Machine With Which Man in a Triumph of Scientific Calculation Is Able to Compute the Weight of the Earth.

Urania, the Muse of Astronomy, Weighing the World. From an Old Print.

Modern science, however, has counted the hairs of the head and finds the crop varies widely, but at most it is only a few score thousands. The ancient Greek mathematician, Archimedes, who is said to have made gigantic burning mirrors to destroy the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse, made a system of numbers which he called the "sand reckoner," not meaning that he counted by sand but that his system was capable of numbering all of the sands of the world's seashores, provided some industrious individual found out how many there were.

Counting the sands would be kindergarten work compared to Sir Arthur Eddington's plan for calculating the number of all the atomic particles in the universe. To get some idea of this plan one might start with sand. Even a handful would take a nimble mathematician a considerable time to count. Should anyone attempt to count all the sands on all the sea coasts of the world, the task would be all but inconceivable. Imagine, however, not only that all this sea-coast sand is to be counted but that the entire earth is composed of similar sand grains. Now imagine that by some geologic magic each of these sand grains composing the whole earth is enlarged until it reaches the earth's size. Next, divide in imagination, each of these new earths into other sand grains of the same size as the original ones. That would provide a collection of individual sand grains literally inconceivable in number.

Yet this still would not be nearly enough sand grains to equal the number of particles reported by Sir Arthur Eddington's 80-figure number. To get enough sand grains to equal this number, the sand-grain magician would have to start the whole process not with one earth to be made up of sand grains and sub-divided but with 30 billion billion earths.

To get some idea of the weight of the universe, one can go back to the famous statement of the same Greek philosopher, Archimedes. If he had a place to stand, he said he would be able to move the earth with a lever. Modern scientists agree that this is true enough, provided the lever were sufficiently long. With a fulcrum, that is a place to rest the lever, close enough to the earth and a long enough lever, the weight of one average-sized man actually would move the planet in whatever direction the lever was applied. Naturally, the lever would need to be a good many billions of miles in length.

Imagine now that some modern Archimedes set out similarly to move the universe. Imagine, too, that by some convenient mathematical magic Archimedes' lever long enough to move the earth was reduced in size until it just could be seen in the world's most powerful microscope. Archimedes at one end of this lever and the earth at the other end would, of course, entirely disappear.

That is a considerable reduction of something extremely large. But the lever which the modern Archimedes would need to tilt the universe even a fraction of an inch, would need to have, on the same reduced scale, a length of some 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles.

This is quite an advance from the caveman's system of weights and measures which was so simple that it must have been painfully complicated in use. Instead of miles he used a time measure of distance, not how far light travels but how far he could walk in a given time. Having no watch, that given time had to be taken from the movement of the sun.

For shorter distances he probably said the object was a spear's throw or an arrow's flight away or, beyond that as far as you could see a rabbit, a dog, a man.

Only when the idea of standard lengths or other units had been invented was it possible to measure anything accurately, even the stars.

Two range finders, one on each mast of a battleship, get the distance of their target from the different angles of their little telescopes as they point at it. An astronomer does a similar thing on a grander scale by sighting at a star at sunrise and again at sunset. The world having meanwhile revolved half way gives him a base line between the two observations equal to its diameter. Still that isn't much, to an astronomer. By taking two sights six months apart he gets a base equal to the diameter of the earth's orbit around the sun.

Most of the stars in our galaxy are too far away even for this range-finding method to be used but astronomers recently have discovered other methods of measuring star distance, from which it has been found out that our home galaxy bounded by the Milky Way has a diameter of about 100,000 light-years and a central thickness of perhaps 20,000 light-years. Not only is this fixed star cloud shaped more or less like an automobile wheel, but it revolves like a wheel, carrying the sun and solar system around with it at intervals of about one revolution each 250,000,000 years.

Still more recently came the astonishing discovery of other galaxies outside ours and separate from it. Most of these other galaxies apparently are revolving, wheel-shaped clusters of stars very much like the one which happens to be the solar system's home.

Scores of thousands of these distant galaxies now have been photographed and measured. Dr. Edwin P. Hubble of Mount Wilson Observatory estimates that the whole universe perhaps contains as many as 500,000,000,000,000 of them.

All this enormous weighing and measuring is done by a few teaspoonfuls of gray matter in the skull of a small creature on an insignificant planet belonging to an insignificant star, our sun.

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A Unique Art Show Staged for the Police

BLACK STAR PHOTOS

Above, the X-ray Photograph Sent to the Competing Artists. Center, the Winning Drawing (Done With no Knowledge of the Subject's Facial Appearance), and, at the Extreme Right, a Photograph of the Model Used in the Experiment.

BERLIN.

AN X-ray photograph of a woman's skull was the model from which artists worked to produce the pictures that hung in one of the strangest art exhibits of all time, recently held in the Central Police Station in Berlin.

Detectives from all parts of Germany and police officials from many other European countries were the "critics" who selected the winning drawing from the scores sent in by well-known German artists. They were not interested in any of the technicalities usually associated with art exhibitions. They wanted to find which drawing, of all those submitted, looked the most like a regular photograph of the living girl who posed for the X-ray picture the artists used as a model.

A grim, but essential purpose: the discovery whether any of the artists, given only a skull to work from, could produce a close likeness to the living owner of the skull was behind the strange exhibit. Many times in the course of ordinary police work, bodies are recovered from lakes, rivers and seas, or found in thickets or shallow graves, their features so badly decomposed that they give no hint of the identity of the dead person. Sometimes, in the case of accidental death, clothing, laundry marks, or some other clue is found with the body which makes identification simple. But usually, in the case of suicide or murder, all such clues are missing.

Berlin detectives reasoned that, if they could find a "detective-artist" who, given only an X-ray of a skull, could come close to reproducing the features of the living person, he would make a valuable addition to the police force. Just how successful the artists were in their strange task is revealed by the photographs shown on this page.

Selecting a girl who was known to none of the artists, the police had X-ray photographs made to distribute to the contestants. These photographs showed the outline of the girl's skull and vague outlines of her hair and some of her features, much the same thing as might be shown by an X-ray photograph of a corpse whose features were too badly marred to make direct identification easy.

Gerda Becker, the woman artist whose drawing was selected as the winner, studied the X-ray much as a detective or an anthropologist might have done. She decided that the sharply projecting nose and the receding chin line made the face somewhat plain and angular. Most people who have such features, she reasoned, have some compensating characteristic, and Miss Becker decided her subject might have had large warm eyes.

Knowing the skull to be that of a woman, Miss Becker reasoned that the woman would have combed her hair in waves, away from the face to soften her features. The X-ray revealed a dark blur at the nape of the neck which could only be hair, and the artist deduced that the original of the picture had long hair, done up in a "bun" at the back. As a matter of fact, all of the artists reached this conclusion from the X-ray. Fritz Meisel, a well-known German artist, and Warner Koth, portrait painter, were the runners-up in the strange contest.

Two Other Reconstructions of the X-rayed Head, Both of Which Were Close Enough to the Appearance of the Model, Unknown to the Artists, to Impress the Criminologists Who Judged the Unique Art Exhibit.

Caricatures "Painted" With Odds and Ends

IT WAS Kipling who first said a woman was "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair," and a lot of men have agreed with him since, usually under their breath. But it has remained for a man, Richard W. Hufnagle, of Salinas, Kansas, to prove that man himself is really just a bunch of odds and ends arranged in the proper manner when you come right down to it.

Maybe Hufnagle got his idea from those pictures that appeared in The American Weekly some time ago showing the trick bonnets a bunch of hat designers made from mops, electric light globes, shower fixtures, rat-traps, and so on. Or maybe his creative urge overcame him when he was rummaging through his wife's scrap basket. Anyway, he found he could make a reasonably human looking creature out of the usual junk accumulation that can be found in almost any home.

The result of one of Hufnagle's works of art, which looks much like Charley Chaplin, is the picture at the left.

NOBEL FEATURE PHOTOS

A Dust Mop, Scissors, Pencils, Fountain Pens and Other Familiar Objects Make Up This Comic Portrait "Painted" by Richard W. Hufnagle, of Salina, Kansas.

The artist found an old and dirty mop that made the hair for his odds-and-ends man. A broken pair of spectacle frames and a couple of nuts made a pair of eyes that even Eddie Cantor would be proud of. Two spring-type clothes pins form the nose.

The ducky little mustache is a small brush. Two pairs of scissors make creditable ears and help frame the face, and several pens and pencils make up most of the rest of this "modern art" endeavor. To add realism to his portrait, Hufnagle swiped some of his wife's bobby pins which, placed in appropriate places, make excellent wrinkles.

Of course, if you are a man and object to seeing your sex dished up out of a lot of household junk, you might try your hand at a caricature of your wife with whatever you find handy around the house. On second thought, maybe you'd better not.

An Animal Photograph That Stole the Show

LONDON.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER who submitted the amusing photograph below in an English camera club's annual exhibition didn't say whether he called it "The Angry Angora" or "The Rash Rat." But even without a title, the photograph of the white cat, glaring in righteous indignation at that audacious rat who has just finished kitty's dinner, stole the show so far as spectators were concerned.

There were two schools of thought among those who viewed the picture. All agreed that the look in the cat's eyes boded no good for the pilfering rat. But the rat's attitude was something of a puzzle. Confirmed cat lovers declared, with emphasis, that the rat, caught in the act, had raised his paws to his head in a sort of appealing gesture, seeking to appease the fate that was about to overtake him. This view drew a chorus of nays from the left wingers, who declared that the rat had drawn himself into a perfect Jack Dempsey crouch and was all ready to sock the cat on its pretty pink nose, should kitty come any closer. Any rat that had nerve enough to swipe a cat's dinner, they said, certainly wouldn't shame himself by pleading for mercy when the cat came around.

To be entirely truthful, there was still a third school, composed of hard-boiled realists who declared that both the other schools of thought were daffy, and that the rat was neither pleading for his worthless life nor preparing to defend it against all odds, but simply was combing the crumbs out of his whiskers—a trick that they claimed was common to all rats.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Among Hundreds of Photographs of Animals, Wild and Domestic, Recently Exhibited in London, This Tableau Between a Couple of Natural Enemies Attracted the Most Attention and Won First Prize.

Science Checks Up on the Gentle Reader

BOOK publishers and writers often complain that the American public doesn't read anywhere near as much as it should, but scientists of the American Optical Company, who should be unbiased, have figured out that the well known "average American" reads a total of 210,000,000 words during a normal lifetime.

Two hundred and ten million words would make about 4,200 average length popular novels—enough to fill a library shelf a good city block long. It would take you six years, counting Sundays and holidays, to read through this shelf if you worked eight hours a day at the job. The scientific gentlemen who figured this out said that the average American spent about an hour a day reading newspapers, novels, magazines and whatnot, and that he or she reads them at the rate of about 200 words a minute.

This total is appreciably greater than the number of words read by the average individual only 10 years ago, and the scientists hold out some hope to the publishers by predicting that the average reading speed will be increased still more by efficient reading methods.

One method of teaching the public to read faster would involve a change in the methods of publishers themselves who would set type so that the eye could sweep from left to right on the first line, as usual, and then, instead of wasting time jumping back to the left side of the page, read the second line from right to left, as printed in line this

Face-lifting for Mules

THERE ought to be a law against skinning mule skinners, say Southwestern farmers, who have asked Congress to do something about a mule "beauty shoppe" operating in Texas. In this establishment ancient, dilapidated and broken-down equines are put through a course in beauty culture that includes face lifting, tooth remodeling, and even a good paint job, and then turns the creatures out with all the curves and bloom of youth.

The Southwestern farmers wouldn't object to that, but the outfit which makes young-looking mules out of old ones sells the reconstructed ancients as young stock. And the buyers have discovered that the old saying, "beauty is only skin deep" certainly applies to a rehabilitated mule.

The farmers claim that the mule beauty doctors inject liquids into the hollows that form beneath an old animal's eyes, file its teeth down nice and even, to keep them from giving away its age, and dye its coat. The mule swindle leaked out when some of them left the "beauty shop" before the paint had time to dry.

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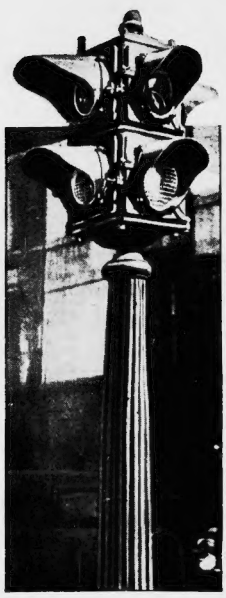
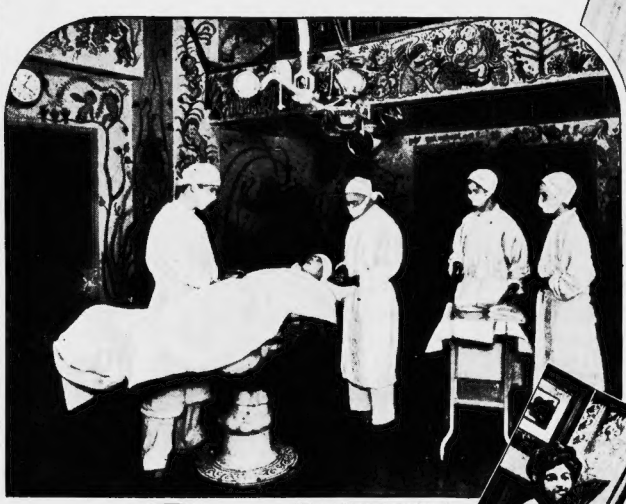
Why Different Colors Make You Sick or Well

Experts Not Sure Which Has What Effect, but Find Green Glasses Relieve Stiff Necks, Traffic Lights Should Be Reversed, and the Shade of a Girl's Dress Can Hasten a Marriage Proposal



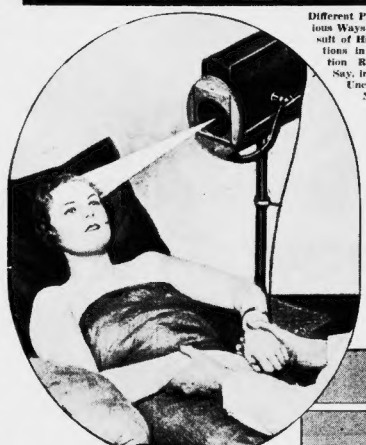
Tests Have Definitely Established That Green Lights Can Be Seen Farther Away Than the Red Ones, and Hence the Danger Signal Should Be Green Because, Unlike the Red Lights, Its Visibility Is Not Dimmed by Noise.



Different People Respond in Various Ways to Colors. The Result of Highly Vivid Decorations in Hospital Operation Rooms, Scientists Say, in View of Their Uncertainty, Is Negligible.

PHILLIP D. SANDEAU

The French Academy of Science Vouches for Green Eye-Glasses as a Relief for Stiff Neck Muscles, Whereas Red Glasses Seem to Intensify the Affliction.



Green Rays Have Been Found Useful in Relieving Headaches, According to Experiments Made in a London Hospital, Where This Patient Is Shown Taking the Color Cure.

One School of Scientific Theory Holds That if a Girl Wears a Red Dress It Will Hasten the Proposal of Marriage. Another Claims That Blue Has This Effect.

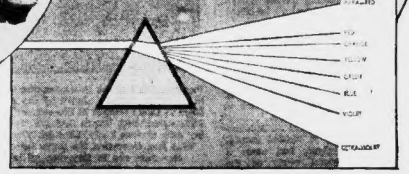


Diagram of the Different Color Waves in a Beam of Sunlight. These Are—Running From the Infra-Red Heat Rays to the Ultra-Violet Health Rays—as Follows: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Violet and the Ultra-Violet in Which Are the Most Beneficial Vibrations.

EVERYBODY agrees that different colors have profound effects on human minds, but no two experts can agree about just what effect is to be traced to just what color.

Some physicians urge that hospitals and sick-rooms ought to be painted pink or red because this is more cheerful and helps the patient to get well. Other physicians vote for blue or green because these colors are supposed to be quieting and restful. Meanwhile, most hospitals actually get painted white or some shade of gray or tan, merely because the managing staff keeps thinking about easy cleaning rather than color.

John Ruskin, famous English painter and essayist, wrote that "Wherever men are noble they love bright colors," but no two noble men seem to agree on the precise color that they love most, and lots of ordinary people who have no pretense to nobility say that they don't like bright colors at all.

Dean Melvin E. Haggerty, of the Minnesota School of Education, is authority for the opinion that coal heavers or oil-valve tenders in a power-house boiler room would do better work and be happier if the walls and other surroundings were painted in bright reds, blues, greens or other colors. Yet it occasionally happens that people who do work in such brilliantly-colored surroundings protest that the color riot slowly is driving them mad.

The American psychologist, Professor Donald A. Laird, recommends that bedroom walls be painted blue & green, and quite likely it is true that travellers trying to sleep in strange hotel bedrooms do rest less well if the walls are of different colors from those of the bedroom at home, yet if a census were taken of wall colors of all the bedrooms in the United States, it is probable that almost every imaginable color would be represented.

In one series of psychological tests made several years ago by Dr. S. E. Katz and Mr. F. S. Band, most children were found to prefer blue out of a list of six different colors. Some ten years later another similar study was made by Dr. Ruth Staples of the University of Nebraska, who found that red, not blue, had become the children's favorite.

Getting a proposal of marriage is assumed on competent authority to be a very important item in the minds of average young ladies, but they will be distressed if they try to follow the advice on the subject given by different color experts. A booklet of etiquette for business girls once issued by the Chicago Young Women's Christian Association advised a blue dress to speed up proposals. Mr. William Hoyt Peck of New York City has been credited with advice to wear red on such occasions. Dr. Edward Podolsky believes that most proposals come to girls who are wearing white. It looks as if the safest way for a girl to get a reluctant swain to propose would be to wrap herself in an American flag.

And finally, comes Dr. Herman Vollmer, who announced only a few days ago that a long series of experiments made in Germany and at the great Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City had convinced him that colors have no mental or soulful effects at all and that use of colored walls in hospitals or sick-rooms seems to be worthless.

All of which confusing situation means, as confusion of opinion almost always does, a real opportunity for some scientific artist or some artistic psychologist to unravel the twisted lines of thought and find out, for ultimate benefit of mankind, just what it is that colors really do and how they can be used to aid medical or mental cures.

Few people may agree with Dr. Vollmer that color never has any bodily or mental effects, even if the doctor himself would take so extreme a position. Much more plausible is the idea already suggested by several psychologists that colors may affect different people in different ways. For some, red may be stimulating, for others, depressing. Certain sick people might be improved by a red room, others by a green one or a blue one. Just as not all women would look their best in the same kind of a dress, so not all minds feel their best in the same color surroundings.

There even are plenty of experiments to prove that colors can have bodily effects independent of any influences working through the conscious part of the mind.

Two years ago in France, MM. Georges Bourguinon and Marcel Monnier made an interesting communication to the venerable Academy of Sciences in Paris. They had been studying people who had stiff or twisted necks, a condition known by medical men often to be due to a one-sided spasm of the muscles, so that it becomes difficult or impossible to hold the head perfectly straight and erect. It was found that when these wry-necked people were persuaded to wear green-colored eye-glasses, so that everything around them looked green, the spasms of the neck muscles relaxed temporarily and the necks and heads were straighter. On the other hand, when red eye-glasses were worn, the spasms and the twisting of the neck got worse.

Another remarkable experiment was performed two years ago by Professor S. V. Kravkov, who reported it to the Russian Academy of Sciences, in Moscow. He was testing the effects of different senses on each other, especially the mutual relation between sight and hearing. Tests were made of the feeblest light of different colors that an average individual was just able to see. As usual, Professor Kravkov found that eyes are slightly more sensitive to green light than to red light, but he also found important relations with regard to noise.

When a loud noise was turned on in the test room at the same time that the colored lights were being tried, average people saw the green light a little brighter than before, but the red light a little dimmer. Noise entering the ear operates, that is, to increase the ability of the quite different sight sense in the eyes to perceive green colors and at the same time decreases the eyes' ability to see red colors. This is especially interesting because of the relationship which may exist between noise and signal lights or traffic lights. Many psychologists already have urged that the selection of red for the danger signal and green for the signal of safety and to go ahead was precisely the wrong way around. The danger signal obviously should be the one seen most easily, brightly and quickly. It is likely to be a red-light stop that is necessary in a hurry, not a green-light start.

According to Professor Kravkov's tests, this difference is made still worse if the street is a noisy one or if there is much noise in the cab of the locomotive engineer who must see the red and green signal lights along the railroad right of way. Noise will make the eyes see green better and red worse than ordinarily, thus still further increasing the difference which already exists in the wrong direction in perceiving the danger signal and the safety one.

The obvious cure for all this would be to change everybody's custom and reverse the colors, using green for danger and red for safety, but no signal official or chief of police would dare attempt that now, after generations of getting accustomed to the present system.

One theory that has been proposed many times with regard to color effects on human beings is the vibration theory. Colored lights are known to consist of rays having different wave-lengths. Longest of the visible rays are those that create the sensation of red. Shortest of them are the rays that look like violet or extreme blue. In between, in order of length from the shortest to the longest, are the rays that seem to be an ordinary blue, the green ones, the yellow ones, those that seem to be orange and finally the red.

All this seems simple enough and many theorists have proposed that similar vibrations are set up in the human nervous system and have effects on nervousness, on the mind and so on. Since the shortest waves are the blue and violet ones, these have been thought to be more exciting and disturbing, while the longer red rays have been imagined to be more soothing.

Against this, however, are set many experiments that show the precise reverse, namely that red often excites while blue is calming and quieting. Other experimenters have found that two colors at opposite ends of the spectrum, the extremely short-wave violet and the extremely long-wave red, have similar effects, while the green rays intermediate in wave-length have different effects.

Scientists still dispute among themselves as to exactly what is the mechanism by which the eyes see color, but apparently it cannot have much to do with the different wave-lengths or vibrations of the light rays.

Another primitive idea which modern archeologists believe once was common is that the blood in a human body is the essence of the person's spirit or soul. When members of many ancient human races died, it seems to have been a custom to smear the bodies or even the bones with the red oxide of iron called ocher, found in many parts of the world as a mineral. The only reason which any modern expert has been able to imagine for this is that the red color of the ocher was believed to represent in some mystical way the red color of the blood which mysteriously had vanished with death and no longer would run out of a cut artery or vein.

Presumably this age-old human association of red blood with danger or disaster is why red was selected by modern people for the danger signal, but it is not so certain that the supposed exciting qualities of red are to be traced to the same source. It is not even certain, indeed, that red does have exciting qualities on everybody.

Modern students of color psychology are inclined to believe that the experiences concerned are not age-old racial experiences, but are individual ones. In childhood, a youngster may be scared or excited by the sight of blood. That makes a great impression on the young and plastic mind.

Happy childhood memories are likely to be green memories, of the trees or country fields. For such persons, according to this theory, these past experiences of childhood created a liking for green tints. Green walls, green bedrooms, green hospitals and so on will be pleasant and soothing.

But some people may be different. Perhaps the green surroundings of their childhoods were unpleasant. Possibly the most pleasant memories would involve blue seas or the red brick sides of city streets or yellow flowers on the hillsides in the spring or something *else*. Children raised in the desert might remember most pleasantly the reds and yellows of bare rocks and sands. Or perhaps some of those same children may have hated the desert for some reason, and had for their pleasantest memories the colors of entirely different things.

If this is the real theory of color likes and dislikes, it is natural that different people are so unlike in color performances. This does not mean that colors are useless in influencing minds or curing the sick. It merely means that the color to be used under any given set of circumstances must be prescribed after one takes into account the experiences and preferences of each individual whose mind or body is to be influenced.

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Science Explains the Death Call of the Mountain Peaks

Mysterious Impulses to Challenge Death by Taking Unnecessary Risks Analyzed by Dr. Laird, Who Points Out Why Young Mr. McCormick and the King of the Belgians Died

ACME PHOTO

The Late King Albert of the Belgians Pictured Climbing Through a Crevice in Crozzon di Brenta, in the Dolomitic Alps. The Sudden Impulse That Overtook Him Resulted in a Fall to His Death.

Alpine Mountaineers Using One of the Gruesome Looking Sacks for Carrying the Injured Across Chasms for Medical Attention. This Traveler Answered the "Death Call" and Fell From a Crag 100 Feet to the Rocks Below.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph. D., Sci. D., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

JOHN MEDILL McCORMICK, 22-year-old heir of a publishing fortune, had many things to make him envied. His father had been a United States congressman and senator. His grandfather was Mark Hanna, for years the powerful Republican political boss. Just a year ago, when he became of age, Medill had inherited a large fortune in his own right. And all his life he had luxuries galore and money enough to do almost anything he pleased.

Apparently he had everything in the world to live for. Yet his life was so fraught with daring and recklessness that authorities in the science of mental life suspect that underneath all his wealth and his apparently care-free roaming of the remote corners of the world and high mountains he was secretly bothered by something, or some things, which made life for him, after all, a humdrum, tiresome affair.

He was always restless, a rover. Before his high school days, for instance, he went into remote regions in South America and Mexico, penetrating into the wilds oftentimes without a guide. In the United States he was magnetically drawn to the wild mountainous regions of the West, and wandered aimlessly in the mountains, Indian villages, and deserts dressed usually in trousers of blue denim, boots, shirt, and topped off by a large sombrero; nothing at all high-hat about his dress.

Not quite four years before his fatal excursion up the Sandia Peak in New Mexico, the lure of the mountains for him had cost him a broken leg, and taken the life of a 17-year-old companion near Pike's Peak, in Colorado. His leg was fractured in an automobile accident while returning from a spell of wandering around a deserted gold mine.

This accident should have served as a psychological warning of a worse fate to befall him, but young Medill could not stay away from the mountains. He still was fascinated by the crags and cliffs, and late this past June, with another young companion parked his car deep in Pusayswillow Canyon, under the steep 1,000-foot cliff, "The Shield," of grim Sandia Peak. The two young men started to scale the threatening sheer mountainside in a back-breaking and death-defying climb up one of New Mexico's most treacherous peaks.

There would be no special reward awaiting them at the end of their climb. Their fingers and legs would be sore almost to numbness. In the rarefied air at the top their breathing would be painful. The scenery right in their own back yard was more beautiful. And a loose rock under a foot, or a crumbling bit of earth in one hand grasp might mean death.

After the fascinated young mountain climbers had not been heard from for a few days, searching parties of rangers and civilians were sent out and they finally came upon the crushed body of McCormick's companion.

The Governor, National Guardsmen, and about 100 other men joined in the search. A quarter of a mile from the pinnacle of the mountain, crumpled on a hidden butte, one party came upon the crushed body of Medill, who apparently had everything in the world to live for. Sure-footed Indians from two tribes labored for a dozen hours in the thin air to lower the body to a narrow trail which centuries of rains had hollowed out of the rock of the mountain side. Hardship and death were the only possible rewards from the aimless climb up the sheer face of the mountain; indeed, these are about the only objective rewards for any mountain climber. Could it be that one of these was the reward which had been unconsciously sought in the many perilous climbs previously made by the young millionaire? Experts in the dynamics of the mind have their own answer.

ACME PHOTO

John Medill McCormick, 22-Year-Old Publishing Heir, Who May Have Been Answering the "Death Call" When He Lost His Life Trying to Climb Sandia Peak, New Mexico.

And these specialists in why people do reckless things which have no tangible reward, and which they are not forced to do, are also quietly wondering what hidden motive led Albert, King of the Belgians, to his tragic fate on the side of Rocher de Marches, a mountain near Namur.

Like young McCormick, King Albert's life had been full of dash and daring which had doubly endeared him to the entire world, as well as to the Belgian subjects who worshiped their intrepid ruler. During the World War he had spent days dangerously in the mud-filled front line trenches, exposing himself to the fire of the big guns and to airplane bombs.

Not only mountain climbing but also airplane flights had a lure for King Albert. In 1929, in fact, his government clamped down on the King's proclivity for needlessly endangering his life in the flying crates they called airplanes in those days. Yet only a year later he flew to Bagdad despite the protests of Prime Minister Henri Jaspar, while the entire world held its breath waiting his safe arrival. Two years after the Bagdad flight he took a plane to Kivu, in the Belgian Congo, an isolated section covered with volcanoes—as unattractive and as dangerous a place as a person in his right mind would care to be.

Six months later he struggled for 10 hours to climb 9,400-foot Crozzon di Brenta, one of the most formidable peaks in the Dolomitic Alps.

It is the irony of fate—or a trick of human nature—that the admired Belgian King was killed instantly in a fall while climbing a comparatively small peak which should be as safe as mountain climbing can ever be.

That fatal afternoon King Albert had not planned on going mountain climbing. He was out for a pleasure ride in his automobile with his valet, M. van Dyck. At the base of the mountain the King impulsively stopped the car, hastily glanced at his watch, and told the valet to wait. Then, apparently still acting on sudden impulse, he started his ascent of the mountain and disappeared from sight. That was the last he was seen alive. What was the sudden impulse which King Albert shared, probably with hundreds of other enthusiastic climbers who would rather risk their necks scaling a treacherous mountain than enjoy a relaxing smoke on the comfortable front porch?

But probably that impulse was not as sudden as it seemed. Psychoanalysts have discovered that all of us have as a part of our hidden nature a death impulse.

Dr. Karl A. Menninger, a skilled mental analyst, has made a special study of the devious ways in which this death impulse works out its hidden course in modern people, and in his recent book called "Man Against Himself," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y., he says:

"The death impulse is probably much more evident in the activities of daredevils than in the pessimistic musings of the philosophers. Nothing else can so well explain the pleasure of mountain climbers in exposing themselves unnecessarily to great dangers. Sometimes this impulse to defy death becomes an outstanding character trait."

Distinguished Dr. Franz Alexander, director of the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis, has reached similar conclusions which he reported in the International Journal of Psychoanalysis. While superficial observers might believe that mountain climbers and other daredevils undertook their perilous feats to have something to brag about, or to receive public acclaim, Dr. Alexander has found that "no one will fail to see the impulse, completely independent of this, to play with death, to expose one's life to serious risks, something like a fore-pleasure to the ultimate gratification of the death impulse."

Dr. Karl Abraham, European mental analyst, has also reported the devious workings out of the death impulse and cited many instances in his book "Selected Papers on Psychoanalysis," published in London by the Hogarth Press.

Psychologists Say the Death Impulse Is Probably Born in *All of Us*, but, *as Shown by the Artist Girod, the Urge to Court Danger Is Sometimes Overcome by the Philosophic Mind, Which Contents Itself With Imagining Adventurous Feats, Like the Man in the Cartoon,* Who Has Converted His *Room Into an Imaginary Mountain and Is Enjoying All of the Thrills Without the Dangers.*

One of his cases is remarkably similar to that of young McCormick—except that this one of Dr. Abraham's was a beautiful and gifted young *girl*, who apparently had everything to live *for*, but who led a tom-boyish life of daring episodes. Inevitably, she took up mountain climbing with a passion which could not be quenched, and quickly acquired a considerable reputation as a daring and highly skillful (as well as lucky!) Alpinist. But shortly she began to have slips and slides, and too many close shaves to be pleasant to most persons while she was scaling mountain cliffs. Most of her friends were bewildered by her apparent careless awkwardness while climbing—but not Dr. Abraham—who knew that she had started her passion for climbing right after an unhappy love affair and who persuaded her to give up the hazardous recreation.

From the Institute of Research and Diagnosis in Chicago, Dr. William S. Sadler corroborates these findings about those who take hazardous risks. C. V. Mosby Co., in St. Louis, has published Dr. Sadler's recent book "Theory and Practice of Psychiatry" in which he tells about aviators who, when things become unbearable, "rush out and perform some reckless stunt in their planes, at times almost wishing they might meet with a fatal accident."

Many brave soldiers, who are heroes of war, have the same often disastrous prank played on them by their death impulses. Dr. Sadler cites such instances in his book "The Mind at Mischief" published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York City.

One of the pioneers in mental analysis, Dr. Wilhelm Steckel, has made specific study of the mental complexes in some mountain climbers. One of the persons he tells about in his two-volume work on "Peculiarities of Behavior" was a young man clerk, 24-years-old, who appeared to have some heart disorder. His heart was cutting didoes, but basically it was sound and the reason for its capers was the young clerk's emotionally disturbed condition.

While this patient was being treated he told Dr. Steckel, "I have but one wish which alone could make me happy; to be able to climb mountains again."

That gave the analyst a clue, and he discovered that the patient had started mountain climbing after an unfortunate love affair which had caused considerable damage to the life and happiness of the girl concerned. Then the clerk tried to put all thoughts of women and marriage out of his mind. Whenever he found these thoughts coming into his head, he would pack his knapsack and set out for the mountains.

It was not the mountain scenery nor the beauties of Nature in general which urged him to climb mountains. As Dr. Steckel describes his climbing, "On reaching the summit he hardly glanced at the valley below or at the majestic sunrise; night and day he climbed up and down, rushing over steep declines and across deep snow. No trace of exhaustion! And before he had time to take into account his impressions everything was over; he hurried to the train to get back home."

Dr. Steckel describes another case as follows:

"This mountain climber hated his father and, after a quarrel with his father, he always fled to the mountains. He wandered around until he was exhausted. All his energies he spent slaying his father hundreds of times. He had the ugly habit of hurling large stones into the valley, to test how a man could be hit and killed that way."

Whenever a person becomes enthusiastic about something as fraught with dangers of self-destruction as mountain climbing, or eagerly subjects himself to the severe discomforts of high winds, penetrating cold, skin-bared hands, and difficult breathing, it is quite likely that he is being lured on and on *by some* unpleasant and perhaps unhealthy force.

A probing for this by experts inside the living minds of King Albert and young McCormick might have saved their lives, just as it is saving lives and giving confident happiness to thousands this very week.

Nothing Else Can So Well Explain the Pleasure of Mountain Climbers in Exposing Themselves Unnecessarily to Great Dangers Than What Psychologists Call "the Death Impulse," Which Many Persons Cannot Control, and, Like Young Mr. McCormick and King Albert, They Persist in Their Daredevil Adventures Even Though They Know That Doom Lurks at the Top of the Mountain.

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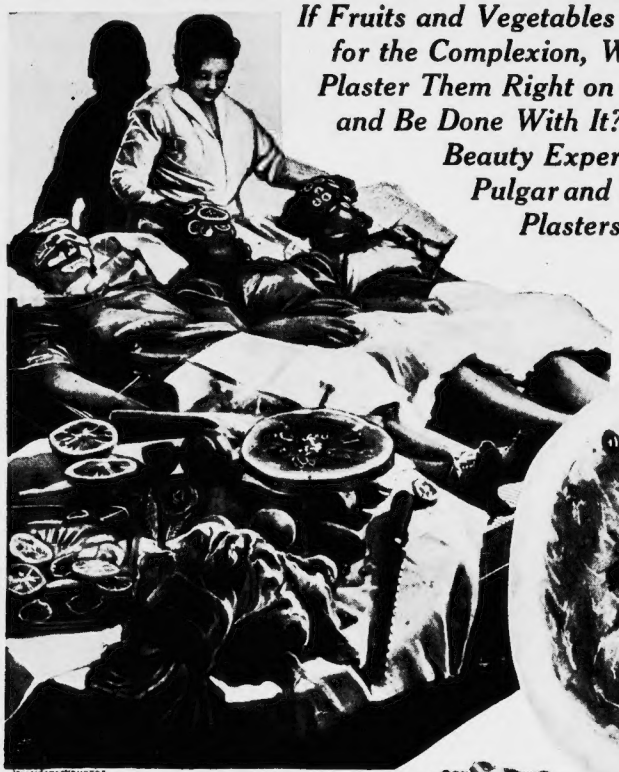
"Good for the Stomach—Good for the Face"

If Fruits and Vegetables Are Good for the Complexion, Why Not Plaster Them Right on the Face and Be Done With It? Asks Beauty Expert Maria Pulgar and Thereupon Plasters Them



Not a Weird African Mask, But Good Old Ohio Watermelon Used by Senora Pulgar as an Ultra-Modern Facial Treatment.

The Cucumber Special. This Should Either Give You a Skin Like Venus, or a Permanent "Pickle-Puss."

During Treatment, the Customers Lie Outstretched in Relaxed Positions. Hot Towels First Open the Pores, Then the Fruit and Vegetable Packs Are Applied for Half-Hour Intervals.

This Customer Seems Quite Satisfied to Have Her Face Covered with Lemons.

Lettuce Is a Favorite with Senora Pulgar Because It Is Rich in Iron.

Tomatoes, Which Were First Called "Love-Apples" and Then Degenerated Into a Salad, If Successful in Making Women Beautiful, May Become True Love-Apples Again.

WOMEN who want to have beautiful complexions have been urged in recent years to try fruit juices and vegetable diets.

"What Nature won't do for you, spinach will," was the general principle underlying these prescriptions. And no doubt many a pimple vanished and many a large pore grew smaller as the price of fruits and vegetables went up.

Some women probably enjoyed treating themselves this way but it is safe to say that for many it was pure torture.

Thanks to the researches of Maria Pulgar, South American botanist, now of New York City, it may soon be possible to get the best out of vegetables without having to eat them. Senora Pulgar is a woman of simplicity and directness, detours do not satisfy her. So, granting the beauty giving properties of fruits and vegetables, she believes in applying them directly to the source of the trouble.

Why send a forkful of spinach all around Robin Hood's barn, down the gullet, through the stomach and intestines, and back again via the bloodstream, when you can clap it on directly and be done with it?

The photographs on this page vividly illustrate her method. They show women who can't bear the sight of a tomato in salad, who loathe grapefruit, lemons, lettuce, carrots, watermelons and cucumbers as articles of diet, blissfully submitting to having these comestibles plastered over their faces in the Senora's beauty salon.

"First the patients swath their faces in hot towels so as to open the pores," she explains. "Then the various fruits and vegetables are sliced and applied as packs. In this way the juices penetrate the skin layers and benefit the tissues. The juices must be absolutely fresh and of the best quality. The treatments last for half-hour intervals."

But what about the results? Well, unfortunately, the method is still in an experimental stage. The only people who have volunteered to submit to it are friends of Senora Pulgar and a few customers possessed either of that handy spirit which sometimes makes people bequeath their bodies to hospitals or an aversion to spinach and other vegetables.

Having carried forward the experiments on this select few for several months, the Senora feels that a certain optimism is permissible. There has been a general improvement all along the line but it is still too early to tell exactly what a mashed tomato will do to a freckle or a mole that a sliced cucumber won't, or vice-versa.

In fact, the only article which has demonstrated its virtue beyond doubt is the lemon. Almost any face it appears, is benefited by an application of squashed lemon. Lemons cleanse the skin and help along generally.

While encouraged, Senora Pulgar also feels that this new treatment may take too long to be practical from a business point of view. Fruits and vegetables, of course, are hardly aware that life has speeded up in the last 50 years; they still live in the horse and buggy days and although willing enough to do a job of work don't see any reason to get into a lather about it. It will be too bad if this stubborn slowness causes them to be abandoned before full data on their beautifying abilities have been compiled.

It would be interesting to know, for instance, the skin condition for which a slice of watermelon is the best cure and whether or not tomatoes, which centuries ago were called love-apples, are a good thing to use in treating those outbreaks of adolescent pimples which accompany puppy-love. In fact, the whole field is so rich in possibilities that, if Senora Pulgar can't afford to complete the investigation herself some endowed organization like Rockefeller Institute could do worse than advance her a little assistance.

This is by no means as far-fetched a suggestion as it may seem, because Maria Pulgar is not the ordinary beauty shop operator. She comes from a distinguished medical family, has a medical degree diligently earned in her native Colombia.

Botanical studies led her to spend ten fruitful—no pun—years living with Indian tribes in the interior of her native land and there she acquired a vast and unusual knowledge of the medical properties of herbs, plants and flowers. The Indians taught her all their lore, which was by no means a collection of old-wives-tales, but a regular pharmacopeia of remedies for practically all ills.

If one of them became ill, he went into the jungle and selected the exact plant or herb that would cure his kind of illness. No doctor—other than Senora Pulgar—was present to care for them, and she was soon convinced that they knew more about cures than she. They were without exception beautiful physical specimens, with glowing skins and rich, heavy heads of hair.

"If only civilized people could look like that . . ." ruminated Maria Pulgar, and presently got the idea of changing from botany to beauty shops.

On the way back from her long residence in the wilds, riding her horse through rugged mountain country, she witnessed an incident that seemed to sum up the marvel she had seen. She noticed a giant bird fluttering excitedly over a spur of rock. Curious, she approached and saw that it was hovering over a coiled snake with fangs bared, ready to strike. The bird flew to a neighboring clump of bushes and snatched a plant leaf in its beak, then flew back to the snake and dropped the leaf into its open mouth. A few minutes later the snake was dead.

Senora Pulgar examined the plant and found that it was of a deadly type called, in Spanish, Candela del Diabbo (Candle of the Devil). She added its leaves to her collection—as a curiosity and a symbol, not as material for a beauty lotion.

Back in her city laboratory, experiments showed astonishing results when the juices of some of the plants and flowers she had brought with her were crudely applied to the skin. Further researches revealed that when vaporized the juices were even more effective. So, the Senora promptly invented a vaporizing machine.

This machine has a metal hood into which the customer sticks her head while the steamy essence of a thousand equatorial flowers is sprayed into her face, breathing is done through a couple of tubes.

"The vapors of four different lotions are used in the process," the Senora says. "They are selected from many after a preliminary diagnosis of the patient's skin disorder. The first lotion opens the pores, the second serves as a general cleansing bath, the third treats the specific condition, and the fourth acts as an astringent in bringing the pores back to normal."

Senora Pulgar by no means restricts herself to putting raw fruits and vegetables on her customers' faces. She just does this as a side line while continuing to devote most of her energies to "the machine."

However, side line or not, it is far from being a novelty, looked at from the historian's point of view. Cosmetic manufacture today is a large industry using many different kinds of materials, but in the past both in this country and abroad there is plenty of precedent for the simple, direct methods of Senora Pulgar's Alacazar Salon.

Glamour girls of ancient Egypt went in heavily for cucumber creams; they used barley-flour and butter as a cure for pimples and skin eruptions, and the cosmetic jars found in their tombs reveal traces of thyme, almond and olive oil and various unidentified fruits.

Wine, of course, is merely the juice of the grape, and wine was much in demand as a beauty aid by the belles of Elizabethan England. A recipe for making a beautiful complexion at the time of the Virgin Queen of Scots, in which she is alleged to have bathed herself in tubfuls of wine.

Later, while 19th Century France's eccentric beauties were bathing in crushed strawberries or raspberries, rural America was resorting to raw beet juice which was used on the lips, rose petals were rubbed on the cheeks, May dew was gathered for use on a sallow skin. To induce rosy cheeks grandmothers recommended to wilful young girls the leaves of mullein. And when the spinstery hairs of the mullein leaf pierced the tender cheeks and brought a decidedly uncomfortable redness, the old dames cackled and replied that this was the penalty for wanting to improve on one's God-given complexion.

These are just some of the things women have endured for the sake of beauty. And if it turns out that Senora Pulgar's truck garden researches are successful, maybe Mack Sennett will go down in history not as a maker of slap-stick movie comedies but as a great beauty expert. He used to have the faces of his famous beauties plastered with custard pies.

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WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR LEFT FIELDER IN BASEBALL TODAY?

FANS! VOTE THIS WEEK IN Kellogg's BIG NATION-WIDE ALL-AMERICAN BASEBALL POLL

MORE THAN $5,000.00 in CASH PRIZES every week

Help your favorite left fielder win a big, new Buick. And win money yourself. It's easy. You don't have to be a baseball expert or a fancy writer. . . . Vote early this week.

Who's your favorite Left Fielder? Why do you think he deserves a place on this All-American Team? Can he pick 'em off the fence with the sun in his eyes? Does he hit over .300—drive in runs when they're needed? Or do you like him just because he's a heads-up ball player who's on his toes all the time?

Come on, baseball fans! There are still five more weeks of voting to decide the line-up of your All-American Baseball Team! First, second, short and third are filled. Voting on Left Fielder starts today—closes next Saturday at midnight.

The makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes are sponsoring this big, nation-wide poll to win new friends . . . to give the baseball *fans* a chance to pick an All-American team of their own.

Get your vote in early this week for your favorite Left Fielder. Next week, vote for Right Fielder. And so on, until the team is complete. And don't forget this—each and every week for the next five weeks, you have 1,004 chances to win a cash prize! Kellogg is giving away more than $5,000 weekly to the fans who take part in this poll.

HERE'S HOW TO GET IN ON THIS PRIZE MONEY

Get an entry ballot from your grocer. Or write on plain paper. Name your favorite Left Fielder and his team. He can be any professional player playing in any league today. Then complete this statement in 30 additional words or less: "I like him because . . . . ".

It's easy to enter, easy to win. You don't have to be a baseball expert. Fancy writing doesn't count. Just give us your own personal reasons for voting for a particular player. You do not have to vote for the winning player to win a prize!

Mail your ballot, with the tops from two packages of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, to the Kellogg All-American Committee, Howard-Clark Building, Chicago, Ill. Give your name and address and the name and address of your grocer.

Each week, the ball player receiving the most votes wins a position on Kellogg's All-American team and a brand new Buick! Each week, there are cash prizes for grocers whose customers win cash prizes.

Vote tomorrow for your favorite Left Fielder. Vote as many times as you like. But remember your entry must be postmarked not later than midnight, Saturday, August 20, for this week's poll.

You can get further details and instructions on Kellogg's All-American Baseball Poll from the entry ballot which your grocer will be glad to give you.

You have 1,004 chances to win every week for five more weeks!

$500.00 . . First Prize
$100.00 Second Prize
$50.00 . Third Prize
$25.00 Fourth Prize
AND 1,000 $5.00 CASH PRIZES

CASH PRIZES FOR GROCERS, TOO
Winning ball players get brand new Buicks!

They've got what it takes to hold first place!

For more than thirty years, Kellogg's Corn Flakes have been the largest-selling ready-to-eat cereal in America!

Baseball or cereals, it takes that "extra something" to hold first place in any league. For the past 32 years, Kellogg's Corn Flakes have been America's favorite ready-to-eat cereal. And they're still out in front today!

There's just one big reason why more people prefer Kellogg's Corn Flakes . . . one big reason why millions of families eat them every day. These delicious, crunchy, golden-brown corn flakes have a marvelous, distinctive *flavor that can never be copied!*

W. K. Kellogg discovered this priceless flavor secret 32 years ago. No one has ever been able to match it. Today, behind locked doors, it is a carefully guarded secret of the Kellogg Company.

Get acquainted with this world-famous secret flavor yourself. Try Kellogg's Corn Flakes tomorrow. They're made from the sweet hearts of fine quality white corn. Their flavor is "cooked in" by a special Kellogg process. Then, they're toasted to perfection and *sealed* at the very peak of their freshness in Kellogg's patented waxtite inner wrap. The whole family will go for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Buy a package from your grocer tomorrow!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Copr. 1938, by Kellogg Company

Where the Monstrous "Tarasque" of Tarascon Spread Terror

"Good King Rene's" Romantic Castle, Where Everybody Was Always Happy After St. Martha Captured the Dreadful Dragon, Becomes a Public Museum

"Good King Rene," Artist, Poet, Lover and Troubadour, Who Lived in the Castle at Tarascon, Now to Be Opened to the Tourist as a Museum; Portrait Painted by Himself.

Margaret of Anjou, Daughter of King Rene, Who Married King Henry VI. of England.

TARASCON France

PERHAPS the most romantic and fascinating building of ancient times the immense "Chateau of Good King Rene" at Tarascon, will now be opened to the public and the American Tourist With it is bound up the story of that alarming old monster the "Tarasque"

In the past the building has been castle, fortress, residence, and was most recently a prison Now it has been transformed into a beautiful museum of Provencal art, history and customs. This was the stronghold of King Rene the greatest of the troubadours, famed for his achievements in love art sport, poetry and in other lines too numerous to mention

This King instituted the annual Feast of the Tarasque" nearly 500 years ago It was observed until about fifty years ago and will now be revived

The Tarasque was a legendary animal of gigantic size which lived on the banks of the River Rhone, fed on human flesh, and could fleck a regiment of men over the cliff with its tail The town must have taken its name from the animal or the animal from the town

It is most appropriate that this is the town of "Tartarin of Tarascon" the famous novel of Alphonse Daudet Tartarin was a delightful liar who loved to describe his battles with savage beasts he had never met

The Tarasque as described in legend, with its wings and immense tail, bears a resemblance to prehistoric dinosaurs

The most popular legend about the Tarasque links it with St. Martha, a sister of Lazarus It says that some wicked men set her adrift off the shore of the Holy Land in a boat without sails rudder oars or provisions The boat carried her to the mouth of the Rhone where she landed and introduced the Gospel, and from there passed on to Tarascon

About this time, says the legend, a terrible dragon- half beast and half fish caused dreadful havoc, for it used to hide under the waters of the Rhone and upset vessels in order to prey upon the passengers and sailors Sometimes it made incursions into neighboring forests and devoured everyone it encountered

The inhabitants being told about Martha presented, their case to her and Martha went at once into the forest indicated and saw the dragon eating a man

"It was" says an old manuscript "half beast half fish, greater than an ox longer than a horse, having teeth sharp as a sword and horns on either side head like a lion, tail like a serpent and defended with two wings on either side and could not be beaten with stones nor with swords, and was as strong as 12 lions or bears, which dragon lay hiding and lurking in the river and perished them that passed by, and wrecked ships

"Martha made the sign of the cross, she sprinkled holy water on the beast, and the dragon became so submissive that she led it like a lamb with her girdle and gave it to the people who forthwith killed it with lances and stones"

It is interesting to know that a monster of the same type as the Tarasque is stated in a legend to have caught King Arthur on its horns. He was rescued by his knights who laid their cloaks under him and raised a shout

The monster encountered by King Arthur was fully as alarming as the Tarasque. It is described as "larger than the largest bull." It had a coat of long and russet fur, a whitish neck and head which bristled with a pile of horns Its eyes were large and roundish, its teeth of monstrous size, its jaws were shapeless, legs of massive build, its feet were broad and square

The festival of the Tarasque was kept up largely through the efforts of the Provencal poet, Frederic Mistral who died some years ago

The monster used in this affair can be seen in the Hotel de Ville or town hall at Tarascon It is a nerce creature covered with bristling spikes, its face lighted up by a leer of great wickedness. It moved on wheels and until recently it was the custom to drag it around the town twice every year On the first occasion – Whitsuntide it was the Tarasque rampant, running amuck among the onlookers and dealing fierce blows with its tail blows delivered by means of a man hidden inside the body

On the second annual outing the Feast of St. Martha on the 29th of July, the monster was led around the town by a small girl who held it with a silken cord, and it was jeered at by the populace and pelted with rotten fruit and vegetables, and finally ducked in the river Thus represented its conquest by St. Martha. Plans are under way to revive both these interesting entertainments

The castle now to be opened to the public is a monument of the Middle Ages and not, of course, of the time of St Martha It was built about 1440. Undoubtedly the Tarasque, if it existed carried on some of its ravages on the spot where the castle stands

Good King Rene" who was really a count at Tarascon but a king at Naples, enjoyed presiding over the festival of the Tarasque. He was an extraordinarily versatile character He spent several years in prison as a result of the treachery of a rival prince and enemy. While there he covered the walls of his prison chamber at Tour de Bar with beautiful paintings After his release he decorated the walls and filled the windows of his various castles with stained-glass The King's excellent work can now be seen at Tarascon. He was an adept in making miniatures and illuminated manuscripts and composing verses

The King naturally made pictures of the doings of the terrible Tarasque, but he was inclined to treat it in a subdued manner He showed St Martha with nothing in her hand but a piece of the true cross and her silken girdle, seeking for the deadly dragon in its lair The girdle of St. Martha was for many centuries a mascot among the Tarascon girls, nearly every one of whom wore a broad belt or bodice called "a la Marthe" When a girl was married her friends offered her such a girdle in cloth of gold with tassels

The King enjoyed great banquets, feasting his friends right merrily. After a day spent in watching the festival of the Tarasque, these were the provisions served at the castle.

"One whole ox, two calves, three sheep, three pigs, 12 fowl."

"The Good King" loved to attend the Courts of Love so famous in Provence where troubadours strove with one another to make love most gracefully to their ladies. Lovely women and the romances of their lives appealed irresistibly to the royal troubadour. He also pictured the gay crowds in the games of love. He painted dark deeds, too—the clash of swords and the flash of the poniard.

Just how many wives "Good King Rene" had is a matter of dispute, but he had a large heart and they are conservatively given as seven

The dinners served by the King at the castle became more and more magnificent as he grew older One table, for example, was made to represent a stag hunt, another a village revel, one a castle with a moat filled with rare vintage wine, another an abbey church with bells pealing and hidden children singing. Small animals and birds and actually growing trees and flowers were used At the sight of any very splendid course, the whole lordly company would burst into a song by the King entitled "The Salvation of My Life"

The King's grief at the untimely death of his first wife completely unstrung him. A consultation of great barons and nobles was held, and the unanimous decision was reached—a second marriage with a young consort was necessary. A petition was presented to the King, praying him to yield to the advice of his "right loyal liegea" that he should look out for some "noble and virtuous maiden who was to his taste"

They added: "We have found just such a young girl by the name of Jehanne de Laval, wise, well-conditioned and of adult age—and we know that she is ready to become the spouse of our very good lord"

So Jehanne was chosen for Rene's second queen. He was 47 she 22

When courting his second wife, Queen Jehanne, he held a tournament which attracted all the most famous knights in France, and many from elsewhere. He built a temporary structure called "The Castle of Joyous Guard" It was built of wood, richly adorned with paintings, tapestries and garlands For 40 days jousts and floral games engaged the attention of the gallant and beauteous company

The King himself took his place in the "lists" in black armor His mantle was of black silver sewn with silver lilies of Anjou, and his well-trained charger was black also He jousted in honor of the damsel who was to be his wife

King Rene excited feelings of admiration in the pulsating hearts of the women and girls of Genoa

The King had been a champion of Joan of Arc and a historian of Genoa writes of him on one of his visits there.

"Every woman, even the poorest, put on a new guise– pure white raiment in compliment to the Holy Maid's lieutenant, and all wore ornaments of pure gold in token of their love for him. Tournament, dance and song made the city a rare paradise of joy."

The royal poet loved to retire with his queen to a country estate close to Tarascon. Its position was delightful, overlooking the river Durance There the royal couple wandered amid growing vines and chestnut woods, conversing with all the country folk they met, sharing with them their homely fare and watching their rural games and dances. Here he composed his celebrated "Pastorals" and Queen Jehanne sang his verse.

King Rene appears to have been partly the architect of his castle and a remarkably good one he was It stands upon the cliff above the river Rhone, rising to a height of 140 feet and having a frontage of more than 400 feet It includes six towers which dominated the surrounding country

Having passed the bridge over the moat and entered the castle, the visitor will be surprised at the beauty, grace and lightness of the interior It was a perfect setting for the poet king

Every provision was made for sustaining an indefinite siege, a well 20 feet deep was hollowed in the rock under the great stairway Enormous cellars extended to the river Rhone with which they communicated by carefully concealed exits so that King Rene could leave the castle at night if a siege was going on It is estimated that he kept 100 000 bottles of fine wine in these cellars The Rhone country is celebrated for its wine. The jolly king kept up the joyous life of drinking and love-making in the midst of war

It has been mentioned that the entire building has recently been used as a prison. In the time of "Good King Rene" and his successors there were several gloomy dungeons of the ancient type which can now be visited There is a prison in the great northeast tower, the walls of which show many inscriptions and drawings left by prisoners of olden times One of them engraved in the stone a great picture of the castle as it was in his day which was useful to architects in restoring the building to its ancient form

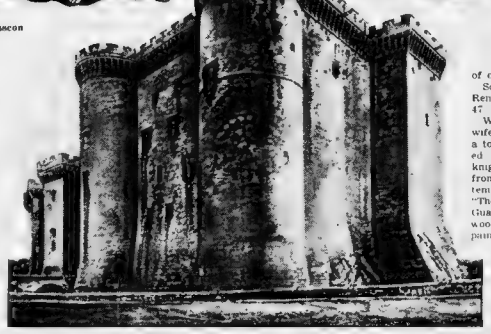
Sometimes King Rene varied his gay life by a trip in his State barge upon the River Rhone He maintained a great fleet of vessels for trade and pleasure upon this and other waterways. The visitor to the castle will be able to visualize something of the fetes that were given on the river, as it is proposed to reconstruct several of the ancient barges.

Upon one occasion the King and Queen proceeded in their barge to Arles. The citizens came bearing goodly offerings to their liege lord and lady. Among the gifts were 400 gold crowns and 2 enameled gold flasks bowls of silver embossed in jewels, goblets of gold and golden ewers

After King Rene died the people trod softly in the streets and whispered to one another. "The Good King is dead."

Edmund Dulac Famous English Artist's Painting of the Capture of the Tarasque by St. Martha, Who Saved Tarascon From It

The Tarasque, Conceived as a Dragon, on the Cliffs of Tarascon, After a Successful Foray for Prey. From the Engraving by Gustave Dore.



The Last Castle of "Good King Rene" on the Rhone at Tarascon, Where He Feasted, Made Love and Enjoyed the Annual Fete of "Hunting the Tarasque," an Ancient Custom Connected With the Legendary Monster Which Is Now Being Revived.

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"I Lived With Gor

"To the home tree in the sudden African night with his gorilla protector in front of him and the great African moon rising over the jungle."

Characteristic Squatting Position of the Gorilla at the Base of Its Tree During the Night: Above It in a Crude Nest Sleep His Mate and Whatever Young There May Be.

Fetishes or Charms Outside a "Juju" or Spirit House in the Gorilla Country. By Some Sort of Magic They Are Supposed to Keep the Great Apes Away from the Village.

A Gorilla Which Has Been Killed by Natives, Using a Cross-Bow with Poisoned Darts and a Long Spear to Give the Quietus to Finish Up the Poison's Job When the Animal Is Too Weak to Resist.

By JEUAN Du BERRIE.

M. B., A. M. T. F. Z. S., The Celebrated Naturalist, Adventurer and Explorer, Who Was Shot and Captured in the Jungle as the "Missing Link."

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CHAPTER II.

I HAVE never climbed a tree before or since quite as quickly as I climbed that one, and I looked behind me only once. Once was enough. A gorilla in his quiet moods is a sufficiently awful sight, but this one, wild with sudden rage, his crest standing up and his three-inch canine teeth gleaming, was a spectacle that might have numbed my muscles had I looked a second time.

He was not a full-grown specimen, but that did not help the situation. He probably weighed about 400 pounds, more than enough muscle to pull my arms and legs out of their sockets without much exertion. In fact it would have been better for me had he weighed another 200 pounds. Many readers may wonder why, of all things, I took to a tree to get away from any sort of monkey. It seems like taking to the river to escape a crocodile.

That would be true enough about ordinary monkeys or even an ape as big as a chimpanzee, but not of the gorilla. The females of this species, being lighter, are pretty good tree acrobats as, of course, are the young, but the full-grown male is so heavy that he climbs only the stoutest trees and neither very high nor very often. His vast weight makes him almost as much a ground animal as is the bear.

The gorilla is not as fast a charger as many other animals but he somewhat makes up for it by an alarming directness of purpose. He does not step aside for bushes or even saplings, simply knocking them down or to one side. The tree I was climbing for my life was my home tree, the one I had selected and prepared for such an emergency. If I could only get well up toward the top before one of those long arms could reach me, everything would be all right — so I fondly imagined.

Meanwhile, no wonder that I took no notice of the damage that I did to myself as I climbed that tree. My hands were cut and bleeding, my legs grazed by the rough bark, but I passed my two platforms without a stop and was soon on my lookout, where I had decided that he would not venture.

Looking down I saw him climbing to the topmost platform. As I had expected, the climb had cooled his anger and although he gave me a long look to make sure that I was still there, he made no effort to climb higher. Instead he prowled about my platform, picking at the laced liana vines, which, being dead, had set very hard, and then he descended to my store, pulling down one end of my hammock in sheer destructiveness as he did so. Arrived amongst my fruit he scattered some of it so that it fell to the ground, then he carried some bananas back to the top platform and settled down for a feed

My hopes rose quickly, for I thought that he would forget all about the vendetta when he had finished his meal. He gave me a look from time to time but made no move, preferring to munch placidly at my fruit. My store had been rifled many times before by mischievous and greedy apes, and as I watched him chewing the food that I had gathered so carefully I decided that I would no longer keep a larder. There is no law of property in the jungle. Still I had paid a small enough ransom for my life.

His meal finished the gorilla proceeded to dash my hopes abruptly. He seized the main trunk of the tree and started to push it to and fro in an effort to dislodge me. He soon had it moving about much too quickly for my comfort.

There was no danger of the trunk snapping and I would be able to hold on indefinitely except for one thing. That ape soon had me sailing back and forth across the sky so violently that it was beginning to affect my stomach. Before long I would be seasick, and seasickness robs one of his strength, which would be fatal in my situation. The question was whether I could hang on until he tired mentally—physically he could swing that tree all day

My estimate is that this gorilla youth had about as much of his future full weight as I, a youth of 18, had of mine. This was the same young male whom I had thumped on the back and tripped the day I introduced myself to his family, as I described in the first chapter. This little pleasantry seemed to be the only way of becoming adopted into a gorilla family. The theory was correct but something about my way of doing it was not quite right. Probably I did not hit him hard enough, though it was as hard as I could.

Although the rest of the young males, the females and the "old man," head of the family, had accepted me as some sort of undersized ape that could talk their language, this one did not like me and from the first I knew it would be only a matter of time before he would do something about it. I had tried to win him with presents of choice fruits and roots but it was no go. Always when I approached I saw that angry crest go up. After that first meeting, I retrieved my Maltese knife and tied it around my waist with my precious piece of string and kept my eye on this enemy.

One other thing I did. On our shambling wanderings for food, I walked with the "old man" and realized that in spite of huge bulk and power, he was a tottering monarch, because of age. Once, no doubt, he had been lord of the jungle for as far as he cared to travel, but now he toured with only a few female and young male apes, anyone of whom on getting his growth might challenge and defeat the old one. The last years of these old, dethroned champions are spent in bitter, lonesome solitude. Their end is usually hastened by bad teeth and perhaps rheumatism.

However, he was still the head of that small family and none of its members would jump me while I was walking by his side. Unfortunately he had not been in sight when this youngster, who was probably the old man's son, went after me. Also my tree-top refuge was failing me. I was so dizzy I could hardly see and I knew that in another moment or so I would be done for. All this was going on in comparative silence except for the young gorilla's grunts as he heaved his weight back and forth to make me and the tree-top swing.

Then burst the jungle's most dreadful sound. I cannot describe the feeling the gorilla's roar instills. People who hear the lion roar in captivity find that the noise inspires in them a fearful awe, but this is as nothing to the terrific challenge of the gorilla. It begins low down, something like the roar of the lion, and then rises until it is a high-pitched scream. No man can imitate this awful cry, for he has neither the lung power nor the high palate of the gorilla. The sound reverberates through the silence of the forest like a mighty peal of thunder, ending in a locomotive whistle, and every creature that hears it slinks back into its lair afraid. It was the "old man" roaring his displeasure.

My attacker heard it and immediately, as though drawn by some invisible force, began a slow descent of the tree. No sooner had he set his feet on the ground than a terrific struggle began. With their powerful forearms interlocked the animals strained this way and that, seeking for a stranglehold or grip for their mighty teeth. They fought silently, only a few deep and malevolent grunts issuing from their mouths, and soon the hair on their backs and chests was matted with blood In a little while the older one had two more great wounds to add to the scars of earlier fights, but his superior experience and greater weight gained the day and at length the youngster made off, uttering fearsome cries. We saw little of him for some time.

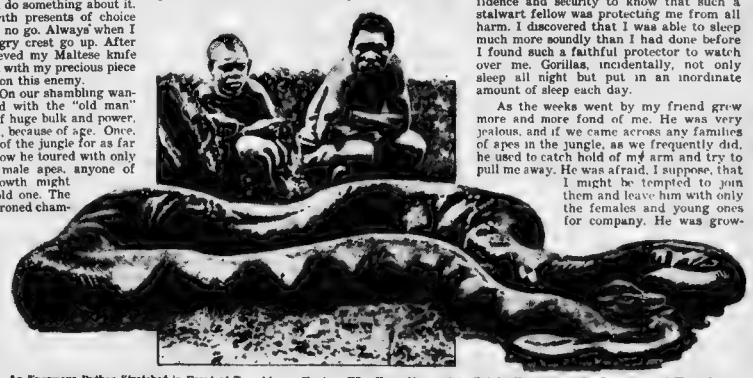
When he did return there was neither crest-raising nor anything else to show that he remembered the matter. He reminded me more of a person who has borrowed a few shillings last time he saw you and hopes you will think he has forgotten about it. What he really wanted was not to have me remind the "old man." I might say that it is unusual for two gorillas to fight over anything except jealousy for some female.

This incident began what I can without exaggeration call the greatest friendship of my life. It took me some time to gain the full confidence of the wise and wary old beast, but when I did so no man ever had a truer pal. People often say that the dog is the only real friend of man, but this gorilla was more than a friend. He became my boon and traveling companion, deserting his wives and family in order that he might roam through the forest alone with me. He had a fine character, finer than that of many men, and he stood by me through thick and thin. I am assured that he even gave up his life in an effort to protect me.

He was always as gentle as a mother with her babe, and would, if he came across a peculiarly succulent grub or insect, offer it to me, though I could not very often bring myself to accept these gifts. We rarely strayed from each other, and even when we slept we stayed close together, he propping himself against the broad trunks of the trees and mounting guard while I climbed higher and lay in my crude hammock.

It gave me a wonderful feeling of confidence and security to know that such a stalwart fellow was protecting me from all harm. I discovered that I was able to sleep much more soundly than I had done before I found such a faithful protector to watch over me. Gorillas, incidentally, not only sleep all night but put in an inordinate amount of sleep each day.

As the weeks went by my friend grew more and more fond of me. He was very jealous, and if we came across any families of apes in the jungle, as we frequently did, he used to catch hold of my arm and try to pull me away. He was afraid, I suppose, that I might be tempted to join them and leave him with only the females and young ones for company. He was grow-



An Enormous Python Stretched in Front of Two African Hunters Who Have Managed to Kill It, Illustrating the Great Size of These Serpents

...illas"

By Jeuan Du Berrie

Astonishing Adventures of a French Naturalist Who, Naked and Unarmed, Invaded the Jungle Homes of the Gigantic Apes Closest to Man, Was Adopted by Them, Then Torn Away As the Long-Sought "Missing Link," and Ended His Extraordinary Experiment As a "Gorilla God"

"Gradually the great snake—the mate of the python I had killed—came closer and closer. The gorilla let it come as far as the lower platform I had made in the tree for my 'nest.' And then he let himself fall forward upon the snake and both of them crashed through the frail framework of lianas and creepers.

"Looking down, I saw him upright, his great arms gripping and holding from him the enormous coils, while ape fang met snake fang and roars and hisses of the two giant creatures mingled."

From Earliest Childhood, Children of the Natives Around the Gorilla Country Are Taught Songs and Dances to Insure the Good Will of the Great Apes or to Keep Them Away, and Here Is a Photograph of Native Little Ones Chanting Their Strange Gorilla Song Around the Tribal Fire.

Photograph of a Baby Gorilla Showing Its Characteristic Walk, As It Shambles Along on All Fours.

ing old, his strength was waning, and he seemed to find in me something which the others failed to give him: companionship and a little fun.

Of course it is hard for the human mind to guess accurately what goes on in the brute mind. But I rather think that instinct or something warned the aging ape that most any day some younger male would be taking away from him even the little family following he still had and then nothing was left but those lonely, outcast, bachelor days. Just at this moment I, a strange creature, pitifully feeble physically but with certain astounding powers and tricks which made me an interesting companion, had appeared providentially. If I would only retire with him, retirement would not be so bad. Anyway, he acted as if he felt that way and a bond of real affection sprang up between us.

One day in particular is stamped on my memory as illustrating this love of a brother which he felt for me. We were resting together after a romp and I fell into that state between sleep and waking, when one is just conscious of what is going on around one. While I was in this counterfeit sleep my friend took me up in his strong, hairy arms and clasped me against his bosom. I knew what was happening, as I felt myself lifted off the ground into the air, but I never moved for I had absolute trust in my friend. He rocked me gently in his arms, patted me on the back as a mother will often pat her child, and so continued for some time. I felt love for him rising in my heart, and when at last I opened my eyes they were wet with tears.

In the days that followed I found ease and contentment in the jungle I have never known in civilization. As long as I did not come too close to the young ones clinging with their powerful little fists to the hair of their mothers' breasts, no hostility was shown me. Life was easy for me because I needed only a small fraction of the amount of food a gorilla must have and which keeps them eating almost constantly. Though they seemed to be circling aimlessly, I noticed that they kept moving from one feeding ground to the next. I helped sometimes by climbing trees too slender even for the females and threw down fruits. Usually, however, if a tree was too slender for a female to climb, the "old man" simply pushed it over.

Often our little group encountered others on the feeding grounds and then there would be excitement, almost as much as would happen if a band of human berry-pickers should meet another band, with a gorilla working with it. The mothers would take to the trees with their babies, and the larger males would approach with anxious, disapproving countenances. Then I would give them the friendship call.

"Ah. Ah. Ah. Ow. Ow. Ow."

Their astonishment was ludicrous, but so I suppose would be that of a human being if an ape should say to him in broken English:

"Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you."

However, it is hard to hold an ape's attention long and soon they would all be feeding again. Yet, as often as I sneezed or coughed they would all stop and stare at me again.

But although the life was simple, is was precarious also. There were pitfalls of every description, and dangers from animals, reptiles, and even plants. And to relieve the occasional monotony there were outstanding and not always pleasant events: grim fights for life in the darkness, desperate searches for water, the ceaseless torment of poisonous insects. But the boundless freedom of my forest existence amply compensated for any possible dangers.

My day in the jungle started at the crack of dawn, with the chattering of birds for my alarm clock. From the ground at the bottom of the tree came yawns and complaining grunts such as might have been uttered by an old gentleman indignant at being forced to get up that early. I am sure that my gorilla friend would have gladly snoozed another hour or two but he had an unpleasant duty to perform.

I wish I could have gotten him to tell me why every full-grown gorilla feels it necessary to greet the rising sun with defiance, threats and curses. Anyway, as I have already stated, he goes through it with all the sound and motion of daring a rival to mortal combat. It is not a bluff, because he works himself into such a rage that he can't go to sleep afterward

My guess, probably all wrong, is that the gorilla sees the red eye of the sun gleaming through the tree trunks and thinks it is some sort of dangerous animal which by his threats he induces to pass harmlessly into the sky instead. Male gorillas sleep for the most part at the foot of trees. They scoop out the dry soil and pull the tangled undergrowth over them to form a blanket or screen. Then squatting on their haunches and leaning against the bole of the tree, they sleep from sunset to sunrise.

The females and youngsters, on the other hand, build nests in the low forks of trees. They sit on the strongest bough, stretch out their arms and pull towards them all the young twigs and leafy branches within reach, bending and twisting them under their massive bodies and flattening them with their weight. These primitive nests are used only once, the gorilla making new beds every night. I have often noticed that when the apes are living in a family the old male of the troop always chooses a resting place from which he has a good view of the trees where his wives and children have built their nests. Should any danger threaten they remain quietly crouching, while the old male issues his awe-inspiring challenge to the intruder. These old males are very courageous in the protection of their kind, and if any of the family is attacked they send the females and youngsters up a tree for safety, while they themselves prepare to do battle.

After he had quieted down from talking to the sun we would wander off together through the damp, steaming forest in search of something to eat. He would turn over leaves, logs and everything, in hope of finding grubs and caterpillars, the one part of the gorilla diet which I could never learn to appreciate but he regarded as great delicacies. Whenever he found an extra large juicy and repulsive caterpillar, he would offer it to me as the prize of the day and could never understand why I declined.

We chewed the leaves and fruit of the banana, my companion having a great fondness for the inner lining of white pith which tasted, in my opinion, extremely bitter. Often, too, he would swallow the whole skin. Wild celery, dock, tender ferns and bamboo were also fine treasures, and it gave me great satisfaction to hear the smacking noise which he made with his wide protruding lips

(Continued on Page 18)

Men as Her Stepping-Stones by Maysie Greig

A Girl of the Slums Is Tempted to Use Men to Get Her the Luxury She Craves

Sally Stared—A Full House! Her Honor Was at Stake. She Said Tensely: "I've got to beat that! I must!" She Breathed a Prayer as She Tossed.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

SALLY CARSON, beautiful [illegible] Frank Carson, [illegible] the New York [illegible] poverty, [illegible] brother [illegible] $15 a week [illegible] in a brush factory. The old [illegible] Peter, against [illegible] and poverty, [illegible] tragedy urges Sally to use [illegible] as her "stepping-stones" to luxury, but Sally idealistic. "In love" with Jeff Brown, is indignant at the suggestion. She does not heed Mr. Carson's warning that Jeff is a worthless [illegible] who is not [illegible] true. [illegible] Peter Jeff's [illegible] up with Peggy Ashford [illegible] girl.

In a cheap dance hall Bruce Graham, wealthy young [illegible] businessman, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

So ALF WEBSTER, Like Most of America's Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Alf Webster is a typical "I.T.E."—that is, an Independent Tobacco Expert. He grew up on his father's tobacco farm, was a tobacco buyer for 10 years, and has owned an auction warehouse for 9 years.

Mr. Webster sells to all tobacco companies, but is not connected with any. He sees who buys what tobacco. So it's important to you, Mr. and Mrs. Smoker, that Mr. Webster has smoked Luckies ever since 1917.

Among other independent tobacco experts... among skilled warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers... Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Try Luckies for one week, and see for yourself. A light smoke—easy on your throat. The finest center-leaf tobacco. Then, "It's Toasted."

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

Sworn Records Show That—

WITH INDEPENDENT EXPERTS, WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—

It's Luckies 2 to 1

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Men as Her Stepping-Stones by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 14)

anthropist. I believe in people paying for what they've done I wouldn't drop the case otherwise, Sally."

There was a relentless note in his voice.

She felt it was true. On no other consideration would he let Jeff off. She shivered and felt icy-cold suddenly, cold all through her.

"If I go down with you... that's all you'll ask?" she whispered at last.

"All." Isn't that enough?" He smiled slowly. "I'm content to let everything else wait. Let the future take care of itself. We'll be down there together. We'll have a grand time."

Her throat felt very tight. Then you promise, Sir Graham you promise faithfully if I go down with you, you'll let Jeff off?"

I promise," he said. Here, we'll shake hands on it."

He held out his hand. She hesitated a long moment then slowly, reluctantly, she gave him her hand. It was the only way she knew, and perhaps the others were right. Perhaps if she was clever she could come through this adventure without any harm, and Jeff would be free. They shook hands solemnly, then, putting his arms about her he kissed her gently on the lips.

What a quaint soul you are, Sally," he said quietly. "Full of fire and laughter, yet so very sincere. You knew, I'm half afraid of you."

What do you mean afraid of me?" she asked.

I think I'm a little afraid of my own feelings towards you," he said soberly. "One couldn't take you lightly, nor forget you easily, and those girls one can't forget are apt to become damnable complications in a man's life."

Once Sally Slipped and Bruce's Hand Gripped and Held Her. There Was Something Reassuring in His Touch.

CHAPTER V.
Country House.

BRUCE drove Sally back to the house in Allerton Place to pick up some clothes. She wouldn't let him come right to the house. She was too afraid of the neighbors' talk. But her stepmother turning a corner of the square, had seen the long, low, racing sports auto draw up by the curb and Sally step out of it.

Sally had scarcely climbed the stairs and entered her room when her step-mother arrived, panting.

"Hello," she said. "I guess you've taken my advice. You've got yourself a rich fellow. He must be rich to sport that auto. Who is he, and what are you getting your suitcase out of the cupboard for? You don't mean to say you're going off on a little jaunt with him?"

Sally's face paled, then flushed. "I- I am going away for the night," she said. "But we're going with a party party of friends. It'll be quite all right, honest it will, Mother."

Mrs. Carson laughed shrilly. "Yes I bet it will be all right for him, anyhow! And for you too, if you've got sense, Sally. I don't blame you, don't think that I do. Wasn't that what I advised you to do the other night." Get some rich fellow, play him for all he's worth while the going's good. I'm not blaming you, dear. You've gone up in my estimation. I thought you'd go on hanging around that fool, Jeff, until you'd lost every other chance."

"It—it's for Jeff I'm doing it," Sally said. "And it's going to be all right. I swear it is, Mother."

Mrs. Carson laughed again. "Right or wrong, it's no concern of mine, dear. I've given up bothering about such things. All I care about is money—what you're going to get out of it."

"Oh, be quiet, Mother." Sally's voice was harsh and grating. "It isn't anything like that!" She turned across to her. She stood over the older woman almost threateningly. "You won't tell anyone, will you, Mother?"

Mrs. Carson waggled an unready finger at her. "What do you take me for? Do you think I'm going to give away my own step-daughter's secrets? Of course I won't say anything."

"All right," Sally said curtly. "But see you keep your tongue still, Mother."

I'll keep it still," the older woman promised. "Sally," her voice grew cringing suddenly, "you'll leave me a few dollars for odds-and-ends won't you? You know what I mean."

Sally knew what she wanted it for, but she didn't say anything. She handed her step-mother two dollars from out of her small, worn purse.

A few minutes later she had changed into the only suit she had, a cheap one, but because she was slim and small, it fitted her well. It was a bright green color that brought out the red tints in her copper head, and with it she wore a bright green beret.

As he saw her coming towards him, Bruce sprang out of the auto. He went to meet her and took her small battered case. He smiled down at her.

"You look like a breath of the countryside yourself, Sally."

"I like bright colors," she told him. "They pep you up. If I wear dark colors I feel depressed."

He didn't reply. He didn't tell her that dark colors were smarter. Why should he say anything to spoil her, to change her from her sweet natural self into one of the artificial sophisticated girls he knew? Let her have her bright colors, if she fancied them.

He helped her into the car, and soon the powerful machine was nosing its way through the thick week-end traffic, out into the countryside. Presently, there were green fields and trees and small picturesque farmhouses that Sally had pictured and longed for so often. She was delighted with everything with the scenery they passed, so delighted that for a while she forgot... forgot why she was sitting here by Bruce's side.

He set himself out to be a delightful companion. He talked to her constantly but once when he made a remark to her she said:

"Don't speak to me. I'm too busy taking it all in! It's—it's wonderful, isn't it?"

He laughed. "You're right. Today it seems more wonderful even to me. Maybe I'm seeing it all freshly through your eyes. It's a pity one ever becomes bored with lovely things. One has a constant stupid craving for new things, and yet, nine times out of ten, the old ones are better."

"But if you never tried new things you wouldn't know," she murmured, as she lay back in the car and half closed her eyes.

They were driving out onto Long Island, where Bruce had an old Colonial farmhouse, modernized and restored. Much of the work of restoration he had done himself. Part of the garden he had made himself. He was never so happy as when he could snatch a few days and go down there.

They had lunch at a hotel on the way down. It was a pretentious hotel, and Sally felt slightly awed by it.

She had always felt she could hold her own anywhere, but now, suddenly, she wasn't sure.

Why did all these people stare at her? What was wrong with her? She felt out-of-place, and was glad when finally they left the hotel lounge; and yet she had been thrilled at the prospect of going in there. But, once more in the fresh air, rushing through the countryside, the keen wind whipping back the hair off her forehead, she felt happy again.

What would happen once they reached Bruce's house? She didn't dare think. She hadn't allowed herself to think of that from the beginning. She hoped she almost prayed, that the drive would never end.

If only one could spend all one's life like this, rushing in a high-powered auto through green undulating hills, getting, every-now-and-then, a faint whiff of sea on the breeze that came from the coast.

Enjoying yourself, Sally?" He turned towards her and smiled lazily.

Yes, very much" she whispered. There was a tense, almost fierce note in her voice. "I feel I can never get enough of it," she went on in the same intent tone. "If you've been longing for a thing all your life and suddenly find it you want it to go on and on. You want to be able to remember it always, to take in every breath of air, every moment's sensation, to keep the memory of everything you see, everything you've felt, and take it back with you so it will be with you always."

He had been looking at her curiously.

"Sometimes you say things which would make me ashamed," he said.

She didn't know what he meant, and he didn't explain.

EVENING shadows were stealing like the wings of giant blackbirds over them as they drew in through the white wooden gateway and up the drive, bordered by beech trees, to the old farmhouse. The white-washed façade, the latticed windows, made it one of the most quaint and picturesque houses in the district.

He drew the car up before it and, for a moment, they both sat gazing at it without speaking.

"Do you like it, Sally?" he asked at last.

"Oh, so much!" she breathed. "It's like—well it's like something out of a picture book, isn't it? When I was a kid I once bought a book of Grimm's Fairy Tales at a second-hand bookshop. I bought it for a dime—and how I loved it! I used to keep it under my pillow and read it through and through. I knew most of it by heart! Well, this house is like something out of that book—something out of a fairy story."

He pressed her hand.

"Thank you, Sally. That's the nicest compliment anyone has ever paid my house. Come along inside."

A man and his wife, handyman and cook, looked after the house for him. The man appeared now, to take their suitcases. A curious look passed over his face as he saw Sally's worn and battered one. She saw the look. She felt fiercely resentful and ashamed at the same time.

And yet what had she to be ashamed of? It wasn't her fault that she had been born in a slum that she had never had any money. Every cent she had had she had earned honestly.

"Will you stop staring at my suitcase as though it were poison?" she said sharply; and then she bit her lower lip and colored. Instinctively, she knew that Bruce's girl friends would not have addressed an employe like that. Bruce too looked embarrassed.

"Oh, gosh darn it," she thought in dismay. "I would say the wrong thing."

Jennings had quite a few words to say about the incident, later, to his wife the cook. "You can see where she comes from," he said and sniffed. "I wonder Mr. Graham takes up with girls like her. Of course," he admitted grudgingly, "she's pretty."

"A disgrace," his wife replied "expecting us to wait upon her. Went off at you in the drive did she." No manners at all. I wonder" she added with a slightly malicious smile, "what Miss Faith Denning would have to say if she heard about it?"

Upstairs in the lounge, Bruce was saying:

"Let's go in for a swim. It isn't too late. It's lovely swimming at this hour of the evening."

"But I haven't a swimming suit," she said in dismay.

He laughed. "Oh, I'll be able to find you one. There are always plenty of spare suits lying about."

Sally had never swum in the sea before, except at dirty crowded beaches. It was a thrilling experience. The water was cool and invigorating. The small sandy beach was like a carpet to race along. Such fun, scrambling over the rocks that jutted out at one end of the beach. Once she slipped and Bruce's hand gripped her and held her. There was something pleasant and reassuring in the feel of his hard brown hands. In comparison, Jeff's seemed flabby and soft—and yet, she had always thought that a rich fellow like Bruce was afraid of work, but she knew by his hands that he wasn't.

She loved that swim. She liked racing back through the grounds between the tall beech trees while the twilight failed and became night and the lights gleamed through the drawn blinds in the house. She liked coming into the big lounge where a fire had been lit to dispel the chill of the evening air.

Bruce laughed, indicating the fire, he said:

"It's merely for show. Have a cocktail, Sally, before you go up and change."

She smiled. "I've never drunk a cocktail. What are they like?"

"Try one. I'll make you a White Lady. All women like White Ladies. They appear mild, but they're potent. I wonder" he grinned, "if that in woman's secret? She wants a thing to appear mild, but it must have a definite kick to it."

Maybe you're right" she admitted. "But I think I'll go up and change first. My costume's still damp and I find it definitely cool."

A charming bedroom. It had an old-fashioned four-poster bed with a canopy over it, latticed windows that gave a view of the distant sea where the moonlight played pranks with the waves. From the other window she could see lawns and great trees, crinoline-edged by the moon.

"What a heavenly place," she thought, and closed her eyes momentarily while a great wave of unhappiness surged over her. If only she were here in different circumstances." If only she were here as one of his honored guests a girl of his own set."

She shook herself mentally. It was no use thinking about it wishing for the moon. She was here because she had promised to come if he would drop the case against Jeff. Her step-mother had said that if a girl was clever she could get away with anything. She had believed it when she came down here, but now, as night closed in about her, she began to feel apprehensive—more than apprehensive.

She put on the white spotted muslin dress she had bought that night to go to the Tulip Dance Hall. It made her look fresh and very sweet.

"It's pretty," she thought as she turned before the long mirror. "But that man of Bruce's will know it's cheap. He'll sneer about it afterwards to his wife," the cook. And yet he isn't any more of Bruce's world than I am. He's more my world. He should be kind and helpful, but he's not. There's something wrong with people. I wonder what it is?"

CHAPTER VI.
Love Comes to Sally.

BRUCE was waiting for her at the foot of the staircase. He had changed into a dinner-suit, and with it he wore a black velvet smoking jacket. As she saw him standing in the lamplight she caught her breath sharply, and a feeling she couldn't explain came over her. She felt her pulses race, her heart throb violently. She had felt his attraction before. She felt it now even more strongly.

He took both her hands as she came down the stairs.

"You look lovely, Sally," he said. "You said this was a fairy book house. You look like the princess out of that fairy tale."

"A princess," she smiled faintly. "I'm very far from a princess. I wouldn't know how to act if I were one. All my subjects would be ashamed of me."

"No one would be ashamed of you," he said, and for a moment the light, bantering note had dropped from his voice. "No one could be—because you're yourself. No girl who has the courage to be herself need ever be ashamed. It's only those who pretend to be what they're not who need be ashamed."

"You're only saying that to put me at my ease."

"I'm saying it because it's true," he replied. "You are sweet, frank and honest—that's why I admire you."

The ring of sincerity in his voice brought a flush to her cheeks. If only she could feel he meant it really meant it. He was looking down at her with an awareness that set her heart thumping again. She felt herself tremble.

"Maybe I'd better have that cocktail" she said in a small, shaken voice. "I need something to pep me up."

The servant brought the silver shaker and the ingredients on a tray. Bruce mixed one with an ease which showed he had had a great deal of practice in the art of cocktail mixing. A few minutes later he handed her a drink.

A white foaming mixture in a short squat glass.

She drank it down quickly and felt better afterwards. It gave her a false sense of courage a return of the feeling that she could carry through the situation however she wished to.

He laughed at her. "You shouldn't drink a cocktail like that. You should sip it slowly. Here, have another, and this time I'm going to give you a toast." He raised his glass. "To us, Sally."

She raised hers too, but she didn't drink it. "To us" She wasn't sure that she wanted to drink that toast. It implied something that she didn't wish implied. That this wasn't a mere adventure—something she was

(Continued on Page 18)

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Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

"I LIVED WITH GORILLAS"

By JEUAN DU BERRIE

(Continued from Double Page)

as he crunched the shoots between his teeth

I am led to believe that the wide spaces between the mighty teeth of the gorilla are caused by eating bamboos, the stiff canes becoming wedged between the canines and pushing them apart. In common with many other animals gorillas suffer from caries of the teeth and bone, but my friend was a magnificent specimen, and gave no sign that his teeth were softening or decaying I felt quite sure that he would retain the power of his jaw for many a long year

As we journeyed through the forest my friend usually went a little ahead and I marvelled at the quietness of his movements In spite of the tangled undergrowth the clambering lianos and twining brambles, he pushed his colossal bulk through with extraordinary ease and making scarcely a sound Inevitably I lagged behind a little, having no thick hair on my arms and legs to protect me from the thorns and being forces, therefore to pick my way with more care But he always waited for me to come up with him, and if I was too laggardly, called for me to hurry

Usually on his daily wanderings he walked on all fours placing the knuckles of his hands and the soles of his feet on the ground, but sometimes he would assume an erect posture grasping the trees and bushes to help him along Often he would stretch out a long, hairy arm to reach after some succulent fruit or brightly-colored berry, or peer curiously between the thick vegetation to see if I was following The view that I generally had of him, just before the bushes closed together after him, was of a shaggy back, jet black save for a sprinkling of grey and grizzled hairs on the shoulders, and a small head faintly tinged with red

We continued our wanderings until about twelve noon, by which time the sun had reached its peak and made any traveling arduous and unpleasant. Then we found a shady place in which to take our siesta The gorilla would sit propped against a smooth trunk much as he did at night and draw his heavy arms and legs over him like a blanket while I would climb into the fork if I wanted to sleep

In order not to be conspicuous and embarrassing to my friends all that time I was going around on all fours as much as possible with my knuckles on the ground as fore feet I got so it no longer made my back ache but I still have the corns on my knuckles and I sometimes surprise people at the table placing my hand knuckles-down on the table attheupon style

In the tropic African jungle every creature is free to do as he pleases provided he makes no mistakes and there are plenty to be made any one of them meaning death Poisonous plants, poisonous insects and venomous snakes are everywhere and when a creature goes for a pack of water, the people is waiting Always it was [illegible] not I who knew what places were safe to eat, what creatures were dangerous and who drove them away usually by merely revealing his majestic person to them

Traveling with these great mi[illegible] powers I developed a sort of inferiority complex and became increasingly anxious to show them, especially my old friend that I was not such a helpless weakling as things made me appear One day the opportunity came to show off and I rose to the occasion

We had gotten far from our usual track and come upon a family of gorillas eating in a grove of wild sugar cane The plantation was probably the relic of some native habitation and as the apes have a very sweet tooth the find was a great luxury for them. The chunkings of the family were ecstatic, and I could not repress a smile as I saw them wandering amongst the canes, their great black heads bobbing up and down.

My friend and I approached them, eating as we came. I was content to suck one or two pieces, but he pulled the canes up by the roots and ate not only the cane but some of the root also. Gradually we approached the other apes, as they chewed and grunted. They were very wary, even of one of their own kind, and ran a hundred yards away if we came too close, returning in a little while to continue their sweet meal. At length I was almost able to touch them, my friend keeping always close in case of accidents. Although he was old and his strength was going I knew very well that if any of the others had attempted to harm me he would have died fighting at my side

It so happened that in her joy at finding this treasure of sugar one of the mothers had placed her baby on the ground. Suddenly the little one gave a shrill squeal of fear All the gorillas immediately gathered round, as they always will when one of their young is threatened, no matter what is the assailant In this case it was a python, some fifteen feet long, which had crawled up into the cane grove unperceived by us. Evidently it was hungry and had thought the young gorilla easy prey but now, faced by a party of six huge gorillas animals which even snakes acknowledge as king of the jungle, it decided to sheer off

The gorillas were willing to let well enough alone but I decided to take a hand and show off I had my Maltese knife with me, and as the reptile undulated over the rough ground I flung it with all my strength at the snakes head I struck it on the side just below the right eye For a moment it was stunned and that gave the gorillas a chance to attack

In the twinkling of an eye they had surged forward and my friend was on the snake's back his teeth gripped fast in the back of its neck and though the python lashed its body furiously in an effort to twine itself about the gorilla it was soon evident that those mighty canines would never be dislodged Though the snake put [illegible] to bear [illegible] it was able to finish it off with a blow [illegible] right eye with [illegible] knife

The gorillas wandered back into the sugar cane, apparently quite undisturbed by the hideous danger that they had just escaped Only the mother of the [illegible] little concerned She picked him up and clasped him tightly to her breast, holding him tightly with one hairy hand Then she began to munch more canes as though she had dismissed the matter finally from her mind

I, meanwhile stayed by the dead python wondering at its beautiful markings and thinking of the venomous power that now lay useless. After some musing I decided that there was no point in wasting so valuable a skin, so I started to cut it away as much of it as I could well carry, thinking that when I was back in my tree top house I should be able to find some use for it

The task was a bigger one than I had at first anticipated and I worked steadily at the messy job for several hours. The gorillas having eaten their fill of sugar cane, gathered round to watch, and from the expressions which I thought that I read on their faces, they seemed none too happy about this operation of mine.

At last the task was finished and I had a large piece of superb snakeskin cleaned and packed for transit to my "home." The others started a brisk return and seemed rather to avoid me and my burden. Gradually I lagged behind and as I did so I was interested to see the quandary in which my friend was placed He did not wish to leave me but he disliked my burden, and apparently preferred to accompany the others of his kind. He was continually forging ahead with the gorilla family and then waiting impatiently for me to catch up. When I reached my tree and prepared to climb up and leave the skin on the top platform ready for my attempt at curing the next day he seemed reluctant to leave me, and I was surprised to find that he wanted to come up with me, a thing he never before did

He was extremely heavy and as he began his climb, grunting and puffing as he did so, I could not help contrasting this somewhat undignified performance with the grace and strength he displayed on the ground As he mounted higher and higher the boughs creaked ominously and small twigs and bits of bark fell to the earth

When at length to my great relief he arrived safely in the fork, he made several demonstrations of affection, continually rubbing his teeth on my arm grasping me by the shoulder and bringing his face close to mine If he had closed his jaws he would have crushed my face into pulp but I felt quite confident of his [illegible] After this demonstration of affection we stretched ourselves out to rest after our long and eventful walk

Once again the heavy tropical darkness closed down over us like a blanket Close at hand sounded the howls of hungry animals and the hoarse disappointed bark of a leopard that had sprung and missed its kill But for once the nightmare noises had no power to disturb my nerves for I had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Men as Her Stepping-Stones

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 18)

sort of girl I thought you were. I'm glad you didn't come down here to cheat."

He got to his feet and walked the length of the room.

Thrusting a hand into the pocket of his smoking jacket for his cigarette case, his fingers closed around something else. He drew it out. Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed.

It was a hollow cork; inside were five tiny, colored poker dice. It had been sent him the other day as an advertisement and it had caught his fancy. He had thrust it into his pocket and here it was. He swung round on his heel.

"Look, here's a set of dice, Sally." His brown eyes were laughing. "I'll give you a chance if you want one. I'll play you dice for your honor. That's what they call it in books, I believe. It's an amusing idea, don't you think? We'll have three throws each. You go first. Have you ever played dice?"

She shook her head. "No. But I've watched them play."

She had seen Jeff and his friends throw dice on tables in restaurants. She knew all about it.

"Are you game, Sally?"

She hesitated only for a moment, then she nodded. "Yes!" She was breathing rapidly.

"You throw first," he said.

He dropped the five bright-colored dice into her hand. They sparkled under the lamplight. Red, green, yellow, blue, black.

"Now, begin," he said.

She drew a deep breath and clasped them tightly in her small moist hands.

Oh, if only she could win! If only she could! Then she could escape from this incredible situation honestly, without cheating. She opened her hand and gazed down at the dice, so small, so pretty, mere baubles; and yet, suddenly so very significant in her life.

A moment later she tossed the dice, rolling them out onto the carpet. Her breathing quickened, her eyes dilated with excitement as she gazed down at them. Her slight body was trembling. Four threes and an ace. Could he beat it? Oh surely he couldn't beat that?

"Pretty good," he said.

"Beginner's luck!" she murmured.

He tossed them carelessly and the dice trickled from his palm onto the floor. Three sixes.

"First game to you," he said.

Oh, if only her luck would hold! She tossed again. Two fives, an ace, a six and a four. Not so good, but maybe he wouldn't even get a pair.

He tossed. Three aces.

"We're square," he said, and added: "I've the honor, I think."

He tossed. She bent closer to peer down at them. She gave a small gasp.

"You've got a full house!"

He laughed easily. "Yes, that's lucky, isn't it? Three twos and two sixes."

She said through tightly clenched teeth: "I've got to beat that. I must!"

She breathed a prayer as she tossed, a desperate prayer, a prayer that came from her soul. She scarcely dared look at the dice as they rolled from her fingers onto the floor. She heard his laugh.

"You've lost, Sally! I've won you fairly."

She stared at them—a pair of fives again, that was all.

She felt herself drawn up from her knees. She felt herself held close in his arms. She felt his lips upon hers.

"You're mine now, Sally, sweet little Sally," she heard him whisper. "Put your arms about me, my dearest, give me your lips."

With one hand he switched off the standard lamp, so there was darkness. Only the moonlight slept in pools on the carpet.

"Sally, give me your lips," he urged hoarsely. "You're not indifferent to me, are you, dearest? Please say you're not. That time we danced together you seemed to like me. Sally, sweet Sally!"

Her eyes were closed. She felt afraid, terribly afraid; but, as well as her fear, was a strange new ecstasy that swept through her whole being. His lips crushed hers. Jeff's kisses had never stirred her like this. Was she very wicked to feel this sharp sense of joy as she lay in his arms?

"I don't understand it," she thought. "I love Jeff. I must love him, mustn't I? And yet . . . I feel I want to stay here forever, close in this man's arms. I feel I never want him to let me go."

"Sally, I love you," he whispered. "Does that make it easier, my dearest, that I love you?"

She opened her eyes. There were tears in them.

"I think I love you, too, Bruce," she murmured brokenly. "I—I wish I didn't. It's beautiful but it's wrong."

"My sweetheart!" He kissed her. Suddenly, almost abruptly, he released her.

"Sally," he said, and his voice was hoarse, "I can't take advantage of you. You're too darned sweet. I thought I could, but I find—" his lips twisted in a faint, whimsical smile, "that I'm not enough of a cad. Go to bed, dear. Sleep well. I'll see you in the morning."

She stared at him uncomprehendingly at first, then the tears came back into her eyes.

"Thank you." It was all she could say.

He led her to the door and opened it for her. Before she disappeared up the stair, he took her hands and kissed them one after the other.

"It's a pity," he sighed. "But I'm beginning to think I'm in grave danger of fling in love with you, Sally."

Sally didn't go to sleep for a long time after he left Bruce. She sat by the window in her bedroom and rest her chin on one small clched fist. She watched the tan trail its silver draperies over the sea. The tears were still in her eyes, tears of thankfulness of gratitude, of something sides.

She felt in an odd way, a different girl from the one Bruce had met down here only this evening. In a queer way she felt that all the past life didn't matter. Ning had mattered until those ments down in the sitting-ro when she had lain in his ar

"Ie him," she thought. "I don know why, but I love him."

'n new-found love of hers was he strongest emotion she haver experienced. It was like a arp pain tearing at her bt. What she had felt for it was as nothing in compari to just a young girl's loneli, a desire to be loved.

This was different. This was a though the very heavens had ddenly opened, and she had been taken up to a new bitter-weet Paradise.

Something which set her whole ing aflame—which made her eart sing. She felt unbearably appy, and yet unbearably sad

Their worlds lay apart.

Presently, when the moon disappeared behind a puff of great fleecy clouds, she laid her head on her arm and wept.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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COMFORTING TO SUNBURNED SKIN

THERE'S grateful relief in a ten cent bottle of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. Soothing to all irritated surfaces, it cools, takes the burn out of sunburn. It supplements the natural oils of the skin, helps to ease that tight, parched feeling. Absolutely odorless. . . Try it!

10¢

Vaseline

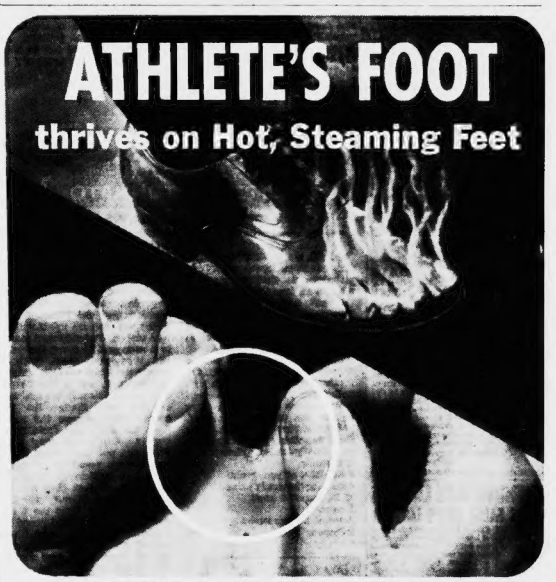
Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Sliced Oranges, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Bacon, Milk or Coffee.	Grapefruit with Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Broiled Vienna Sausages, Toast, Coffee.	Baked Fresh Rhubarb with Pineapple, Cereal, Bread-Crumb Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee.	Mixed Pineapple Juice and Grapejuice, Cereal, Peanut Butter Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Cereal, Eggs a la Goldenrod on Toast, Bacon, Coffee	Figs, Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee	Melons, Cereal, Rolled Individual Omelets, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon (Group of Men)	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Baked Beans with Chili Sauce, Tossed Green Salad, Raisin Bran-n Bread, Radishes, Pickles, Edam Cheese, Toasted Crackers, Coffee or Iced Tea.	Clam Broth, Toasted Crackers, Fruit Salad Plate (Fresh and Canned Fruits), Butterhorns (from Bakery), Caramel Cup Custards, Iced Lemonade.	Stuffed Summer Squash or Stuffed Lettuce, Corn-on-the-Cob, Asparagus Salad, Salad Dressing, Lemon Pinwheels, Iced Coffee Substitute.	Onion Soup au Gratin, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Salad Dressing, Apple Trifle with Ginger Cookies, Iced Tea.	Tomato Juice, Cereal, Eggs a la Goldenrod on Toast, Bacon, Coffee	Salmon Waldorf, Green Bouquet Salad with Sliced Cucumbers, Rolls, Orange Cream Roll, Iced Tea.	Tomato Juice Frappe, Thinly-Sliced Boiled Ham or Canadian Bacon, Potatoes Whipped with Cream, Baked Squash, Endive and Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Vanilla Ice Cream in Pineapple Shell with Sugared Pineapple.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Veal Fricassee with Sour Cream, Steamed Potatoes, Grapefruit Salad with Celery Seed Dressing, Chocolate Tarts.	Potato Salad, Barbecued Ham, Tomatoes and Cucumbers, Graham Ice-Box Rolls, Peach Ice Cream, White Cake Squares with Raspberry Frosting.	Pineapple Sherbet, Cookies.	English Mutton Chops, Mashed Potatoes, Asparagus and Beet Salad, Chiffonade Dressing, Compote of Strawberries, Rhubarb, Pineapple, Nectarines, Plums, Pears and Grapes, Cookies.	Egg a la Goldenrod on Toast, Bacon, Coffee	Grilled Beef Cakes with Delicious Sauce, French-Fried Onion Rings, Green Tomato Pickles, Tossed Green Salad, French Dressing, Reheated Rolls, Gooseberry Pie.	Assorted Cream Cheese Sandwiches (adding chives to some of the cheese, to some, grated maple sugar, and to the remaining cheese, minced nuts), Surprise Cup Cakes, Raspberry or Blackberry Shrub.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

thrives on Hot, Steaming Feet



The Athlete's Foot germ thrives in perspiration—gets in through broken skin

Drench DANGEROUS CRACKS between your toes Tonight!

DURING hot weather, your feet sweat and burn. This irritates the skin—it splits open between your toes—forms a regular hotbed for Athlete's Foot. A crack between your toes often means you already have the dreaded disease.

This painful infection is caused by a germ that feeds on perspiration. When cracks occur, the germ gets in! Tiny white blisters—itchy redness tell you you are a victim of Athlete's Foot!

U.S. Public Health authorities estimate 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

Look for cracks between your toes tonight. Splash on Absorbine Jr. at once.

It *dries* the skin between the toes.

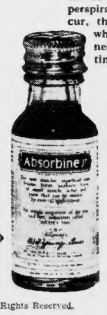
It *dissolves* the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.

It *kills* Athlete's Foot fungi.

It *soothes* and helps *heal* the broken tissues.

At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle.

DIRECTIONS:
Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. For supplementary treatment, place cotton saturated with one part Absorbine Jr. and three parts water between the toes or other afflicted part, and lightly bandage. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.



ABSORBINE JR.

FILL IN THE COUPON and mail it today. We'd like you to test this famous product for yourself! Absorbine Jr. is a quick-acting liniment—excellent for muscular soreness, sprains and wrenches. Used full strength, it is a dependable antiseptic. Don't accept substitutes.

Send for yours today

W. F. Young, Inc., 297 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.
I'll be glad to try Absorbine Jr. at your expense. Please mail me FREE sample bottle.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Some Popular Requested Desserts

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Maple Sugar Surprise.

MIX and sift 1⅓ cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons butter. Add ½ cup milk and mix lightly. Turn out on floured board and pat and roll out 1½ inches thick. Sprinkle with ½ cup shaved maple sugar and dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Roll like a jelly-roll. Cut in slices. Bake on a greased pan in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Serve warm with maple sauce.

German Coffee Cake.

DISSOLVE 1½ cakes yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Add 2 cups scalded and cooled milk. Beat in 2 cups sifted flour. Let rise until light. Add 4 well-beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup melted shortening, ½ cup sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and sifted flour to make a dough that can be kneaded. Knead until elastic. Turn into a greased bowl. Let stand in a warm place until light. Knead slightly. Put into greased pans, having dough 1 inch or 1½ inches thick. Let rise until double in bulk, brush top with melted shortening or slightly-beaten egg white, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and chopped blanched almonds and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven.

Walnut Caramel Torte.

MELT 1 cup sugar in a frying pan over a low heat, stirring constantly. Add ½ cup hot water and cook until dissolved and of syrup-like consistency. Beat 6 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Beat in ½ cup sugar. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add ⅛ cup sugar to the egg whites. Fold the whites into the beaten yolks. Mix and sift ⅔ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Fold gently into the egg mixture. Add 2 tablespoons of the sugar syrup mixture and ⅔ cup crushed walnuts. Roll the walnuts on bread board with rolling-pin. Pour into three 8-inch layer cake pans that have been lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees, for 40 minutes. Turn out on wire cake-cooler and remove paper. Cool and put together with whipped cream filling. Chill in refrigerator and when ready to serve pour caramel sauce over the top. To make the **Whipped Cream Filling:** Beat 1½ cups cream until thick. Add 3 tablespoons sifted sugar. Soak 2 teaspoons gelatin in 3 tablespoons water and dissolve over hot water. Cool and beat in the whipped cream and ¼ cup caramel syrup. Chill before using.

NEW UNDERARM PADS STOP PERSPIRATION

Prevent Wet Underarms and Odor

Now it's easy to make sure underarms are daintily dry and sweet. Simply whisk a 5 DAY pad over both underarms and you go to office, parties or anywhere on hot-test days without offensive underarm perspiration odor, wet armpits or stained dress sleeves. Often effective 5 days or more, depending upon the individual. Easy on clothes too. You see that for yourself. The saturated cloth pads are not harmed by the mild, gentle lotion. Large jar 50c. Toilet goods counters or direct postpaid. Associated Distributors, Inc. 11 E. Hubbard St. Dept. AW5, Chicago.

5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

Help Prevent BLISTERING and PEELING

Check SUNBURN PAIN

Splash on Absorbine Jr. right after exposure

Swimming, sailing or just loafing in the sun! Do you pay for it with smarting blisters—unsightly peeling?

Here's a way to check that burn—a *quick* way to carry off the congestion *before* blisters form! Splash on Absorbine Jr. *right* after exposure. It cools burning skin quickly—relieves the pain! Does not interfere with sunning.

What Causes Blistering and How to Prevent It! **When your skin "pinks up," that's because the blood has been drawn to the surface. As the blood congests there, your skin gets red and painful. Then fluids seep through the walls of the blood vessels, collect in tiny pimples and break through the skin in throbbing blisters.**

Use Absorbine Jr. *before* you begin to suffer. It speeds the blood through the sunburned area—helps to prevent congestion—reason for blistering and peeling.

Keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. Apply it *right* after exposure—that's the time it is most effective. Not greasy. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle.

Sample Bottle FREE

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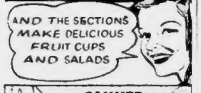
HOT?

TRY MY "COOLING SYSTEM". CANNED FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE—IT'S GREAT

AND THE SECTIONS MAKE DELICIOUS FRUIT CUPS AND SALADS



CANNED FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE OR SECTIONS

SUNBURN

Cooling Mentholatum promptly relieves the burning and smarting. Aids quicker healing. Equally effective for such discomforts as prickly heat, chafing, and hot, tired feet.

MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

Get Rid of UGLY HAIR

ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

It removes every trace of superfluous hair easily and quickly. It is as delightful as your choice cold cream. Simply spread it over the hair and rinse off. It leaves the skin soft and smooth without later stubble.

TWICE THE SIZE—HALF THE PRICE
All Good Stores

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT! HOLDS FALSE TEETH LONGER

Staze holds loosest teeth firm up to 48 hours! Just squeeze a little of this new dental discovery on your plate—and enjoy new all-day comfort even with loosest dentures. Nothing else like it. More economical than messy powders. Can't spill. Recommended by dentists. Get a tube of Staze from your druggist today. Made by the makers of Stera-Kleen. Money back if not delighted. For free sample, write The Phillips & Bengamin Co., Dept. AW, Waterbury, Connecticut.

STAZE HOLDS FALSE TEETH FIRM

SUNBURN-CHAFES-SIMPLE RASHES

Enjoy a luxury bath with pore-refreshing Resinol Soap—apply soothing Resinol Ointment—and have joyful relief for your burning, itchy skin. For sample, write Resinol X-82, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP AND OINTMENT

HER WHITE SKIN Not Natures Gift!

● Women have discovered a way to win fair, smooth, younger looking skin, almost overnight! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme banishes dull, coarse, blemished film that may be hiding skin loveliness. See a difference in 5 nights! On sale at all cosmetic counters.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

WHAT COOKS OFTEN FORGET

From "Man, Bread and Destiny," by Prof. C. C. Furnas, Yale, and S. M. Furnas, Formerly Instructor in Nutrition, University of Minnesota. Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Condensed by Permission of Publishers.

COOKS who think the better food is that which is more tender are wrong. This belief has arisen because we are inherently lazy; we don't even want to chew for a living. While the stomach has no teeth, it will take the bits of food, tough as they come, and handle them impartially, provided they are in reasonably small pieces. No small number of the poor teeth and woefully undeveloped jaws of civilization are athout certainty attributable to the tenderness and soft consistency of our foods. Since we won't chew, there is no need for strong jaws and the teeth languish for lack of exercise. Chewing gum is not exactly an adequate substitute for tough foods, but it is a biological asset if not used too conspicuously.

Boiling with a liberal amount of water is the simplest method of cooking; it is also dangerous to human health. It softens the food, but the necessary minerals and water-soluble vitamins hasten out into the surrounding liquid. In country kitchens it is common practice to put the cooking water in the slop pail. The hogs prosper, but the human beings suffer from a variety of miseries in consequence. City practice favors the throwing of the vegetable water down the drain, in which case not even the hogs are benefited.

The best kitchens are those in which nothing is thrown away, for it is the juices, peelings and leaves which contain the accessory factors necessary for human health. Putting the material into boiling instead of cold water cuts down the losses. The longer they are boiled, the greater the loss. Losses are also increased if the food is cut into small pieces. Leave the peel on roots and tubers while cooking. Take them off after.

Those who think the can-opener has become the symbol of American life and the doom of civilization should know that the corporations who put things in tin cans preserve the vitamin content of fruits and vegetables very much better than the average home canner is able to do. Most commercial canning is done in closed vessels which exclude the air and all the juices are included. A mother who opens a can of vegetables and drains the liquid down the sink is cheating her children of health it's like squeezing an orange, throwing away the juice and eating the pulp.

Boil meat and you lose the essence of the material. From one-fifth to two-thirds of the minerals will go into the cooking water along with a significant amount of fat and protein. Roasting is much to be preferred, for then the losses are cut to a small fraction. The present tendency to cook meat less vigorously is all to the good, for our health will fare better if we lean slightly to the raw side of our meats.

The reputation of the French for excellent cheery stands on the firm nutritional value of the kettle of "stock" on the back of the stove, where all the liquid residues of meat-cooking are dumped for later use.

One of the principal deficiences of modern diet is due to the squeamishness which frowns upon human use of animal blood. The old Arabs and Egyptians caught the blood in skin bags and used it in their cookery. All through history blood soups—such as the black broth of Sparta—and black puddings were used; blood concoctions all, and nutritionally sound.

Civilized slaughter-house practice is to put the blood into fertilizer. That is good for our squeamishness but not for our bodies and health. There ought to be some compromise. The author's advice for saving vitamins, minerals and juices boils down to this:

If a thing is sanitary and palatable eat it raw and eat it all in so far as possible.

If you must boil it, put it into rapidly boiling water, boil it as little as possible and use as little water as possible.

SOUR CREAM PIE

AN OPERATIC STAR'S FAVORITE DESSERT

DURING her long and successful operatic career, Mme. Lotte Lehmann, brilliant soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has visited practically every part of the world, and the culture and habits of each country have left their mark in some way upon her. Naturally she has acquired the various food tastes of the different people she has visited.

For a woman as occupied as Mme. Lehmann, who not only is engaged in concert and opera work, but who also finds time to write novels, it is even more surprising to learn that cooking holds a primary interest in her life. In a spare moment, when she is at leisure in her New York home, she often whips together one of her favorite pastries, and invites a few friends in for tea.

One of her pet desserts is a sour cream pie. Here is the recipe:

1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup sour cream
½ cup chopped raisins
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
Yolks of two eggs
½ cup confectioners' sugar

Mix the sugar and cream together. Add the raisins and seasoning, and the yolks of the eggs, well beaten. Line a pie-dish with pastry. Pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. Fahr.) to a light brown. Remove from the oven; beat the whites of the eggs with the confectioners' sugar to a stiff meringue. Cover the pie with it and return to the oven long enough for the meringue to brown.

LUDOVICO, Duke of Milan, Was so Fond of Fruit Freshly Picked from the Tree That He Invented a Traveling Fruit Garden, the Trees Being Brought to His Table That He Might Pluck the Fruit With His Own Hands.

VITELLO TONNATO

WHAT NINO MARTINI EXPECTED IN ITALY

ONE opera star who never has to worry about his figure is slim Nino Martini, handsome opera tenor. In planning his first vacation in more than four years, Mr. Martini wrote a letter to his sister in Verona, Italy, serving advance notice that he expected a real old-fashioned Veronese dinner to celebrate his home-coming.

One dish he got was Vitello Tonnato, which, in plain English, means veal with tuna fish and anchovies. This unusual concoction takes at least two days to prepare correctly, but Mr. Martini is firmly convinced that there is nothing so delicious and so typically Italian. Here is how it is made:

2 lbs. fillet of young veal
4 large anchovies in brine
½ lb. tuna fish in oil
1 onion
Juice of 1 large lemon
2 carrots
1 stick of celery
2 cloves
1 bay leaf
Oil
2 tablespoons capers, salt, pepper

Remove all fat and gristle from the meat. Take 2 anchovies, cut them in half and remove the bones. Cut them into 8 strips. Lard and fillet of veal with them and tie up the fillet with string. Put sufficient water in a saucepan to cover the veal, add the onion, stuck with 2 cloves, the sliced carrots, celery, the bay leaf and a handful of coarse salt. Bring to the boil and add the veal. Simmer for 1½ hours. Then remove the meat from the water and drain thoroughly. Carve into very thin slices and put these slices in an earthenware vessel or casserole only just sufficiently large to hold them so that they will be closely packed. Cover with the following sauce: Bone the 2 remaining anchovies and pound in a mortar with the tuna fish. Then add oil gradually as in the making of mayonnaise, and finally the lemon juice. The sauce should be somewhat liquid, and should cover the meat. Finally add the capers and let this stand in a cold place for a day or two. To serve, arrange the slices on a dish, pour the sauce over them and garnish with slices of lemon.

DINNER MUSIC—HOW IT MUST HAVE STARTED

DINNER Music is an ancient custom. But in the old days the musicians who failed to please the customers didn't get off as lightly as those of today do.

Writes Mark Twain in his "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," describing a dinner with the King's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay, "It was a very fine show. In a gallery a band with cymbals, horns, harps and other horrors, opened the proceedings with what seemed to be the crude first draft or original agony of the wail known to later centuries as 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye.' It was new and ought to have been rehearsed a little more. For some reason or other the Queen had the composer hanged, after dinner."

Here is a picture of one of these quaint old Saxon swing bands in action.

DANISH VEAL

CONCERNING THE COOKING PROWESS OF A TENOR

TO BE called an artist in one field of endeavor is a great accomplishment in itself for most people, but not for Lauritz Melchior, famous Wagnerian tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who also is a skilful cook.

The opera star's culinary ambitions are not confined to the dishes of his native land. He has his preferences, and the following is a great favorite in the Melchior household, especially when prepared by Mr. Melchior himself.

For six people: Three pounds fillet of veal, ½ cup of cream, 3 tablespoons of butter, parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut the fillet into slices and flatten these. Season with salt and pepper. Chop the parsley coarsely and work with 2 tablespoons of butter. Divide this into as many pats of butter as there are slices of meat. Put one on each slice, roll the meat around it and tie. Brown the meat in butter, then add stock or water, but not enough to cover, and simmer until the meat is tender. Remove the string, put the rolled slices on a hot dish, strain the sauce left in the pan, mix it with the cream and pour over the meat.

Here Are 4 Prize Winning Recipes

A COOL salad for a hot summer's day artfully concocted to stimulate the appetites of old and young is the prize-winning contribution of Mrs. J. W. Elliott, 811 Belgrade Avenue, N. E., Atlanta, Ga. The recipe for "Favorite Salad" which wins $5 is as follows:

1 cup green peas (canned)
1 cup pickle relish
1 cup toasted pecans (chopped)
1 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
Strips of pimento

Drain liquid from peas, add relish, pecans and salad dressing and mix lightly. Chill. Serve in lettuce cups and garnish with thin strips of pimiento.

MRS. JAMES A. STEWART, 601 North Main Street, Shelbyville, Tennessee, sends a prize-winning baked fish recipe which earns her $5 and recognition of her ability to devise a tempting platter of sea food. She makes it this way:

1 scaly fish, 4 or 5 pounds. Drum or rockfish preferred
2 medium-sized onions
2 medium-sized lemons
2 large ripe tomatoes
4 slices breakfast bacon

Dress fish, cutting through center. Put in roaster, stuffing one side of fish with layer of thinly sliced lemons, followed by layers of thinly sliced onions, tomatoes, and 2 strips of bacon. Salt and pepper.

Fold other half of fish over and repeat. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot.

WHEN Miss Lotta M. Coull, 10 Pine Street, Gloucester, Mass, steps into her kitchen to make soup, many an experienced chef could learn something to his advantage, especially if he were lucky enough to be present when she was cooking up a savory Sevigne soup, her favorite, and a $5 prize winner. Here is the way she makes it: Cut some carrots and a small onion into small pieces and cook them in salt water. Also cook a handful of tender green peas, adding them when done to 3 pints of boiling hot stock made from a chicken from which the grease has carefully been removed.

Beat together the strained yolks of 4 eggs and a gill and a half of cream. Stir into them a little of the soup. Then stir in the rest of the soup, add the carrots and onion and serve.

A PLEASING and different way to prepare a fowl for the time-honored Sunday dinner is "Chicken Fried in Batter," the recipe for which adds $5 to the household budget of Mrs. Cora B. Levy, 277 West End Avenue, New York City. Here is the way she prepares it:

For the batter:
½ cup of flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt

Mix and sift the ingredients well; add milk gradually and the egg, well beaten. Mix until smooth. After dividing the spring chicken into quarters and wiping dry, place in batter and when well dipped drop into very hot animal or vegetable fat. Cook until well browned. Serve at once.

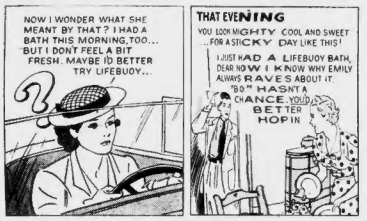
YOUR RECIPE— MAY WIN $5.00

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here is a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

I'M JUST GOING DOWN THE ROAD A BIT.... TO MYRA'S
BUT HOW CAN YOU WALK ON A DAY-LIKE THIS ? I'M SIMPLY SWELTERING!
OH, I DON'T MIND! I HAD MY USUAL LIFEBUOY BATH THIS MORNING AND I FEEL NICE AND FRESH... HERE'S MYRA'S HOUSE


NOW I WONDER WHAT SHE MEANT BY THAT? I HAD A BATH THIS MORNING, TOO... BUT I DON'T FEEL A BIT FRESH. MAYBE I'D BETTER TRY LIFEBUOY...
THAT EVENING
YOU LOOK MIGHTY COOL AND SWEET ...FOR A STICKY DAY LIKE THIS!
I JUST HAD A LIFEBUOY BATH, DEAR! NOW I KNOW WHY EMILY ALWAYS RAVES ABOUT IT. "B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE. YOU'D BETTER HOP IN

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Special Sweetenings for Summer Foods

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ALL fruits and some vegetables contain sugar, and so also does milk. But when we use the term "sugar" in the sense of a sweetening, we mean the two forms of sucrose most important today—cane and beet sugars.

Modern food study has shown that sugar is a genuine food, all-important for energy production. Rightly and moderately employed, it is an essential in the normal diet, particularly for those engaged in muscular exercise, sports, hiking, and all outdoors activity. No wonder that boys and girls get "sugar cravings" after a tennis match, a game of ball, or a morning spent in swimming.

The home-maker should be glad, also, that she has so many different types of sugar from which to select, in her meal service and cooking. White sugar is made from both the sugar-cane and from beets, and behaves the same under cooking processes.

For, although white sugar is a carbohydrate, it behaves differently from starch. For one thing, it dissolves instantly in cold water (and starch does not), and still more easily in hot water. This fact is made use of when one prepares a plain sugar syrup.

But as white sugar has no flavor, is simply "sweet," any sugar syrup is just a sweet liquid, and therefore may be added to other foods, such as fruit juices, jellies, drinks, etc., without altering the taste of the products and food to which it is added.

Sugar syrup is wonderful in cooking, canning, and preserving fruit — all occupations which every woman is doing right now in the height of the fruit season. If, for example, you drop a fruit into hot water, it will quickly go to pieces.

But if you drop that same peeled peach or pear or melon section into a hot sugar syrup, it takes on some of the dissolved sugar, and the fruit pulp is instantly stiffened enough to hold together while it is being cooked. This, in case one may not have realized it, is what happens when we cook fruits for a summer dessert, or for canning, or, if the syrup is made much thicker, for preserves.

However, sugar itself can be given a special flavor by heating the dry sugar until it turns into a clear liquid which is sometimes called "barley sugar," but which most of us know under the term "caramel." Any sugar can be "caramelized" by heating without water, in a hot pan or skillet, turning or stirring continuously. The resulting golden-hued syrup gives a special "toffee" or butterscotch flavor to custards and similar desserts, or makes the delicious and wholesome butterscotch candy so loved by everyone.

One more point: When you cook granulated sugar, it tends to crystallize, unless prevented. This is especially true when you cook sugar with a fruit acid (or cream of tartar) when it chemically breaks up into "invert sugar." Therefore, the trick is to add an acid, or other chemical like cream of tartar to cooking sugar to prevent crystallization. In reverse, when using sugar in making cold mixtures, one must also add a "stabilizer" to prevent similar crystallization. That is the why of adding glucose or corn syrup, gelatin, or similar agents to frozen mixtures to keep them velvety-smooth.

All the brown sugars are partially-refined sugar-cane sugars, retaining some degree of the molasses syrup and flavor. Thus the brown sugars also flavor, as well as sweeten, and are therefore very suitable for making spice cakes, cookies, etc., and for use in flavoring meats, as in the familiar baked ham sprinkled with brown sugar and spices.

Generally, the brown sugars are known as yellow or light brown, and old-fashioned or dark brown sugar, both with many values in cooking. A quick inexpensive pancake syrup, for example, is made by melting and cooking a brown sugar with water, to the desired syrup consistency. Brown sugars, too, are good for flavoring applesauce, for sprinkling as "crumbs" on top of coffee and similar cakes, and for using as a wholesome topping to breakfast cereal.

When granulated sugar is being made, a further centrifugal separation of the syrup follows, resulting in either confectioner's or powdered sugars, both also very useful on the table. The syrup is dried, sieved and ground to the fineness desired, and we have powdered sugar, which is especially suitable for use on summer fruit service, or for passing with cold beverages, because of its exceptionally rapid-dissolving quality.

The next finest degree of sugar is that called confectioner's XXXX (4X) sugar, which is powdered sugar ground especially fine. Confectioner's sugar, as its name implies, is just right for making icings, frostings, fillings, and all mixtures where the most finely pulverized sweetening is required.

The perfect cake frosting can best be attained by using confectioner's sugar (or granulated boiled to the right syrup with cream of tartar). For summer cakes, however, the quick non-cook frosting is most suitable, and one which appeals because of its ease and rapidity. Even without any cooking, such frostings turn out perfect.

Other convenient sugar forms are the compressed tablet, cube, or "dot" of pressed sugar, so neat, accurate and good-looking for the tea-tray and porch service of refreshing summer beverages.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3880 IN THE FOREFRONT OF FASHION IS THIS NEW VERSION OF THE SHIRTWAISTER WITH ITS ROUND NECKLINE AND 8-GORE SKIRT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3838 "GO PLACES" IN THIS ENCHANTING DRESS-UP FROCK THAT IS SO EASY TO MAKE! NOTE THE POINTED-UP WAISTLINE AND FULL SKIRT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3748 HERE ARE TWO VERY USEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE APRONS THAT ARE MADE FROM THE SAME EASY PATTERN; USE COLORFUL RIC-RAC FOR "A" AND DAINTY FRILL FOR "B". Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric for each apron.

Pattern 3829 YOUR YOUNGEST WILL ADORE THIS CAPTIVATING STYLE WITH ITS INTERESTING POINTED YOKES, DAINTY COLLAR AND CUFFS AND GRACEFULLY FLARED HEMLINE. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3890 FOR ALL OCCASION WEAR . . . THIS SLENDERIZING FROCK WITH NEW SHOULDER DETAIL, FEMININE BOW AND HEIGHT-GIVING CENTER PANELS. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 38 requires 4½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3889 — LET YOUR LINENS GO MEXICAN WITH THESE GAY MOTIFS — SO COLORFUL — SO EASY TO EMBROIDER. Pattern 3889 contains a transfer pattern of a motif 9x10½ inches, a motif 8x9 inches, two motifs 3¼x5¼ inches, two motifs 4¼x5¼ inches, two motifs 3¼x7 inches, a motif 3¼x5 inches, four motifs 2¼x2½ inches; color schemes; material requirements, illustrations of stitches used.

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Nine Different Kinds. Little babies need variety. That's why Libby has *nine* different *combinations* of baby foods . . .
No. 1—Peas, beets, asparagus.
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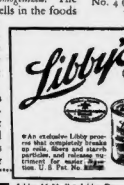
No. 3—Carrots, spinach, peas.
No. 4 (Cereal)—Whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal.
No. 5—Pineapple juice, lemon juice, prunes.
No. 6—(Soup) Vegetables, chicken livers, barley,
and three single vegetables . . .
Carrots — Spinach — Peas. All are specially homogenized.

Your grocer carries Libby's Baby Foods — or will be glad to order them for you.



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Echoes From the Housewife's Food Almanack

Note by the Editor:

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. This aside from the $5 prizes for recipes. In writing letters for possible publication, say whether you prefer initials only, otherwise the full name will be used. The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York.

Housewife's Food Almanack:

I am just a plain American mother and home-maker. Today, when I came upon this page, there was just a close homey touch to it that gave one the feeling it was something of our very own. More power to you, and I wish you the best of luck and hope you continue for many years.

Mrs. Walter J. Reynolds.
Jersey City, N. J.

(Thank you indeed, Mrs. Reynolds. What you so aptly call the "close homey touch" is precisely what we are trying to get into The Almanack, and we couldn't have phrased the thing any better, and maybe not as well. Our very real thanks to you. The Ed.)

Housewife's Food Almanack:

Seeing your Almanack and as my husband is always guying me about my "Dutch messes" but enjoying them nevertheless, I will send a recipe for a dish he thinks delicious. I hope this will be used by tired rushed housewives and also by weary, hungry cowboys around their wet campfires. I believe the oldest or youngest cowboy on the farthest ranges or tired busy mothers will find it convenient, quick and enjoyable as all cowboys can find room for a little bacon, sugar and a can of beans. This can be prepared in a few minutes and makes a very satisfying meal with bread or crackers and good hot coffee for cold cowboys.

Bean Preserves: 1 can red kidney beans (No. 2) or canned pinto beans. Empty can in frying pan. Add 3 tablespoons of sugar and pinch of butter or 2 tablespoons of bacon grease. Bring to a boil and serve. Very good and appeases the appetite quickly.

Mrs. B. M. Dunbar,
R. 2, Ocala, Fla.

(Ride 'em Cowboy. We tried it and recommend it—but the bacon grease is better than butter. The Ed.)

Housewife's Food Almanack:

I have been very interested in the unusual recipes published in The American Weekly during the past two weeks. My family were French people in New Orleans and their favorite recipe was shrimp and crab gumbo.

Mrs. C. A. Allenburger, Jr.,
Boston, Mass.

(You'll find a lot of interesting recipes from other sections of the country in the weeks to come, Mrs. Allenburger.—The Editor.)

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Shredded Ralston

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